



THE
NORRINGTONWOG
1944

THE NORRIDGWOG



*Published by the Senior Class of Norridgewock High School,
Norridgewock, Maine*

1 9 4 4

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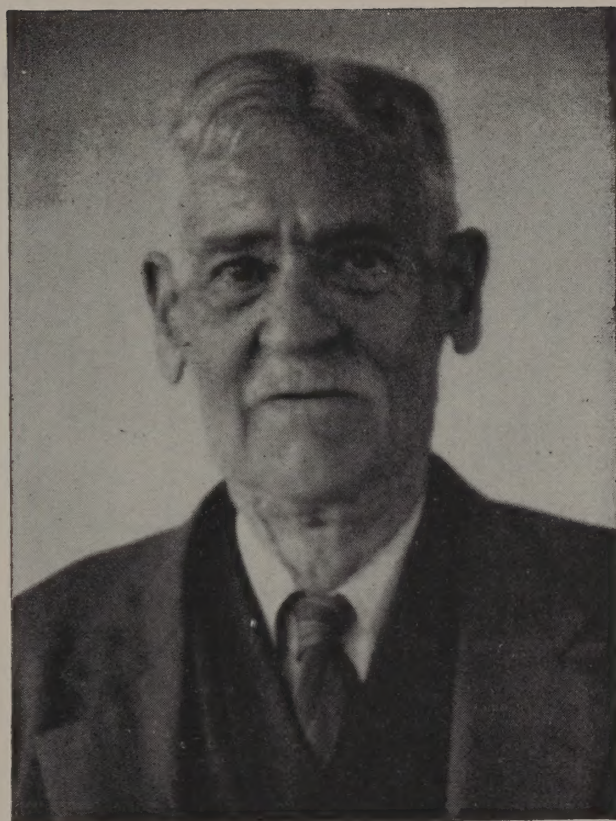
Honor Roll

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To Mr. Leland Merrill, in appreciation of his innumerable deeds of kindness,
and whose influence on and unending devotion to our school we hold in high
esteem, we affectionately dedicate this issue of "THE NORRIDGWOG."

EDITORIAL

During this period of total war we, the class of '44, before leaving N. H. S., have published an Honor Roll in this issue of THE NORRIDGWOG.

This Honor Roll consists of the names of the boys who were once members of the class of '44, but were called from their studies at school or employment as civilians to render service for Uncle Sam.

If it were in time of peace, some of them would be with us today. Hand in hand, we would be leaving N. H. S. on the seventh day of June; but with this great disturbance they, like millions of other boys, have left their families and loved ones, to serve and give their life, if need be, for their country.

They keep on going with just one thought in mind, "to return back home." But nevertheless of all the heartaches that are shared by the boys and their loved ones during war, they will find it a good experience, for they go far out into the world which a few years ago they never dreamed of seeing. Some have received a higher education, met new acquaintances, seen various types of countries, and learned of their social standards. This makes them realize what a strongly built nation ours is and departing from it to various lands, they will appreciate their own country much more upon their return.

These boys gather as much knowledge, in a different way, from their training and travel experiences as if they had stayed behind and received their knowledge from books.

We will find after the boys return that they have developed into fine men and true citizens.

We graduates are very proud of our six fellow classmates who are all serving overseas in the armed forces, and we are looking forward to the time when the war will end and the boys will be back home again.

LUCILE YEATON '44



RAY TRACY
DONALD MILLER
GEORGE FENTIMAN

MILLARD HATTO
JOSEPH DEE
REGINALD POOLER

Service Boys From Senior Class



JOSEPH DEE enlisted in the United States Naval Reserves in March of this year and now awaits his call to service the latter part of June. He desires to enter the Navy specialized training program.

GEORGE FENTIMAN, F 1-c, enlisted in the U. S. Navy March 8, 1943. He received his boot training at Newport, R. I. and later received training at Brooklyn, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Penn. He has been to Murmansk, Russia; Cuba; in the Mediterranean and at present is somewhere in the Pacific. He is the son of Charles Fentiman of Madison.

MILLARD HATTO, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Hatto of this town, enlisted in the U. S. Navy February 15, 1942. He received his boot training at Newport, R. I., and later attended Armed Guard School at Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was then transferred to Norfolk, Virginia. He is now a Seaman first-class in the Armed Guards and is located somewhere in the Pacific. He has made five voyages to the European theater of war.

PVT. DONALD MILLER, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Miller of this town, entered the U. S. Army on March 31, 1943. He was assigned to an Anti-Aircraft Battalion and received his primary training at Camp Devens, Mass., being later transferred to Camp Hulen, Texas, where he now awaits his call to active duty.

ROBERT PARKER enlisted in the United States Navy in 1941 and since has been on active duty in the South Pacific. His present location is unknown.

REGINALD POOLER entered the Parachute Service of the United States Army on May 3, 1943. Prior to leaving he was president of the Junior Class and was active in various school activities. He holds a place in our minds that will never be forgotten. During his last year in this town he made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Corson. He is now on active duty somewhere in New Guinea.

RAY TRACY, S 2-c, is the son of Mrs. Nellie Tracy. He enlisted in the Navy January 1, 1942, and received his boot training at Newport, R. I. Later he was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, and then was in active duty in the South Pacific. At present his location is unknown.

GRADUATES

ETHEL LUGENE BRIDGES

"Sukey"

Tranquil people accomplish much.

Activities:

Variety Show 1; Assemblies 2, 4; Senior Play 4; Dance Committee 4; Club Editor of Yearbook 4.



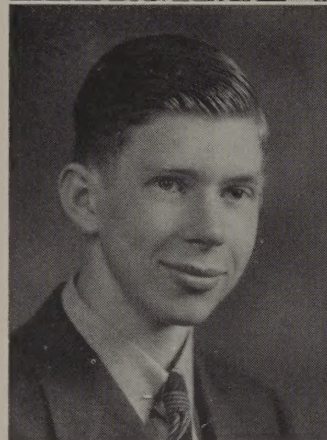
LESTER JOSEPH CLARK

"Bunny"

Though seldom heard, discretion prevails.

Activities:

Treasurer of class 3, 4; Assemblies 2, 3, 4; Manager of Boys' Basketball 4; Usher 3; Business Manager of Yearbook 4; Dance Committee 3, 4; Business Manager of Senior Play 4.



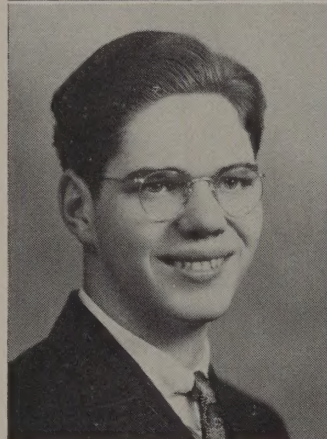
JOSEPH ARTHUR DEE

"Joe"

*Eunice had Joe, but now
The Navy's got her beau.*

Activities:

Senior Play 4; Variety Show 1; Assemblies 1, 2, 3; Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking Finals 3; Usher at Graduation 3; Basketball Squad 2, 3, 4; Captain of Basketball 4; Patrol 1, 2; Varsity Club 4; Assistant Business Manager of Yearbook 4; Dance Committee 1, 2, 4.



MARION AVIS LAMBERT

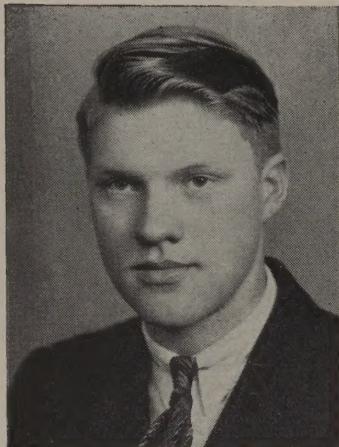
"Mammie"

*Marion is very tall,
And simply great in basketball.*

Activities:

Variety Show 1; Assembly Committees 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Basketball Squad 2, 3, 4; Captain of team 4; Softball Squad 1, 2, 3; Sports Editor of Yearbook 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4; School Band 1, 2; Orchestra 1; Dance Committee 4; Setting of Senior Play.





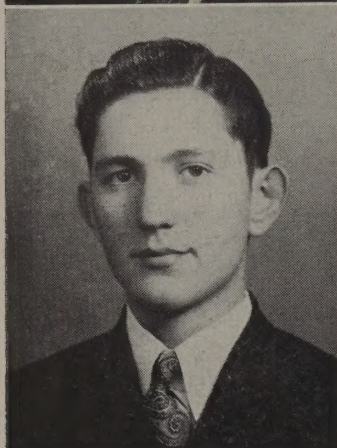
GEORGE WALKER MERRY

"Georgie"

*George is always sure and steady,
Like a flashlight EVER READY.*

Activities:

Secretary of Class 3; President of Class 2; Assistant Editor-in-chief of Yearbook 4; Basketball Squad 4; Baseball Squad 4; Manager 4; Variety Show 2; Prize Speaking Finals 3; Usher 3; Senior Play 4; Dance Committee 3, 4; Latin Club 2; Assemblies and Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2.



HARLEY EDWARD ROWE

"Harl"

*Witty in arguments
But look out, his points are good.*

Activities:

President of Class 1, 4; School Band 1, 2; Patrol 1; Eastern Musical Festival 1; Student Council Member 1, 3, 4; President of Student Council 4; Literary Editor of Yearbook 4; Prize Speaking Finals 3.



PRISCILLA ALICE SHEAFF

"Puss"

Silence is a true friend that never betrays.

Activities:

Club Editor of Yearbook 4; Assembly Committee 1; Variety Show 2; Senior Play Ticket Committee 4.



GUINEVERE SMITH

"Guin"

*Boys are an interesting lot,
What would life be without them.*

Activities:

Softball 1, 2; Home Ec Club 1, 2; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Varsity Club 4; Assembly Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Variety Show 1, 2; Social Committees 3, 4; Setting for Senior Play 4; Humor Editor of Yearbook 4.

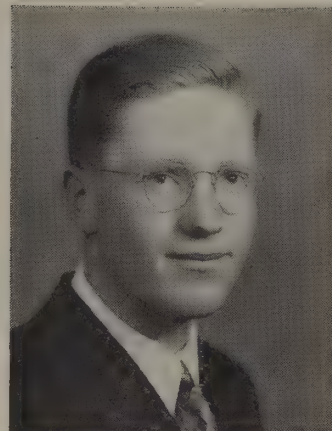
HAROLD OWENS SMITH

"Smittie"

*A basketball man and baseball man,
Now a man for Uncle Sam.*

Activities:

Prize Speaking Finals 3; Assemblies and Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Sports Editor of Yearbook 4; Dance Committee 3; Student Council 4; Stage Manager and Electrician for Senior Play 4; Basketball Squad 4; President of Varsity Club 4; Secretary of Class 2; Captain of Baseball Squad 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2.



HELEN FAYE TRACY

"Tracy"

*To weep for fear is childish,
To weep for grief is human;
To weep for compassion is divine.*

Activities:

Home Ec Club 1, 2; Basketball Squad 2, 3, 4; Softball Squad 1, 2; Senior Play 4; Varsity Club 4; Usher 3; Assemblies 1, 2, 3, 4; Office Duty 2, 3; Literary Editor of Yearbook 4; Vice-President of Class 1, 4; Student Council 3; Prize Speaking Finals 3; Letterman 4.



MAXINE ESTELLE YEATON

"Maggie"

"Diminutive".

Activities:

Softball Squad 1; Home Ec Club 1, 2, 3; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 3; Usher 3; Assembly Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 2; Variety 2, Senior Play 4; Prize Speaking Finals 3; Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Student Government 4; Humor Editor of Yearbook 4; Cheerleader 4; Treasurer of Class 1; Letterman 2.



LUCILE AGNES YEATON

"Sugar-Puss"

The school would be a dead place without her.

Activities:

Secretary of Class 4; Editor-in-chief of Yearbook 4; D. A. R. Candidate 4; Senior Play Cast 4; School Play Cast 2; Basketball Squad 2, 3, 4; Usher 3; First Prize Junior Speaking 3; Vice-President of Class 2, 3; Marshall at Baccalaureate 3; Letterman 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3; Home Ec Club 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 2; Secretary 3; Softball Squad 1; Chairman of Assemblies 1, 2, 3, 4; School Prom Committee 2; Office Duty 1, 4; Latin Club 2; Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Make-up Senior Play 4.



SENIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	HARLEY ROWE
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN TRACY
<i>Secretary</i>	LUCILE YEATON
<i>Treasurer</i>	LESTER CLARK

Class Motto

In ourselves our future lies

Class Colors

Navy Blue and White

Class Flower

Red and White Roses

CLASS ODE

(To you sweetheart Aloha)

To you, high school, Aloha,
 Farewell from the bottom of our hearts
 We will sometimes remember
 The days we spent here,
 Sadly we'll leave your portals hand in hand
 To you dear school, Aloha,
 In dreams we'll be with you N. H. S.
 Useful lessons we have learned
 We've had a lot of fun,
 So for now classmates, Aloha.

COMMENCEMENT

<i>Valedictory</i>	LESTER CLARK
<i>Salutatory</i>	HARLEY ROWE
<i>First Honor Essay</i>	HAROLD SMITH
<i>Second Honor Essay</i>	JOSEPH DEE
<i>Class History</i>	GEORGE MERRY
<i>Class Prophecy</i>	LUCILE YEATON and MAXINE YEATON
<i>Class Gifts</i>	GUINEVERE SMITH and MARION LAMBERT
<i>Class Will</i>	HELEN TRACY
<i>Class Ode</i>	PRISCILLA SHEAFF and ETHEL BRIDGES



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Seated left to right: Lucile Yeaton, Helen Tracy. Standing left to right: Harley Rowe, Lester Clark

Class of 1944

We, the Senior class of Norridgewock high school, tonight part from dear old N. H. S. Before we leave, let us pause a moment and recall our four years spent together.

In the fall of 1940 we started on a long and tiresome voyage to Success. Before boarding the ship we elected our officers to guide us over the rough seas.

Harley Rowe became president; Lucile Yeaton, vice-president; Daisy Groves, secretary, and Maxine Yeaton, treasurer. Mary Desmond and George Fentiman were chosen Student Government members. Our class advisor was Mr. Rich.

Other members aboard the ship were the faculty consisting of Mr. Gay, Mr. Foster, Mr. Rich, Mrs. Spaulding, Miss Umphrey, and Miss Rice.

Our crew, thirty-five in number, set sail.

On the second week of our voyage we met our first obstacle, Freshman Initiation. Being a new crew aboard we were initiated as the other crew had been by being forced to pay penalties to the upper crew. This was ended by a reception and we continued our voyage toward Success.

Time came and went and we sailed on.

June 1941 approached. Our first voyage had ended, and we turned homeward.

The fall of 1941 was an ideal time to start our second voyage with the autumn breeze and sunshine filling the air. This time our crew, twenty-two in number, were called Sophomores.

Again we elected our officers. George Merry was elected president; Helen Tracy, vice-president; Harold Smith, secretary; Harley Rowe, treasurer; Student Government representatives were Beverly Stevens and Lester Clark.

Mr. Grant was our class advisor.

After boarding the ship we learned that we had three new teachers. They were Miss White, Miss Knapp, and Mr. Grant. A short time later Mrs. Spaulding was replaced by Miss Jardine.

Being Sophomores it was our duty to initiate the new crew. As usual a reception ended their trials and sufferings.

In April 1942, the play "*Going on Seventeen*" was presented, with two of our class appearing in it. These two were Lucile Yeaton and Ruth Adams.

In June 1942 our second voyage was completed and once more we turned homeward.

September 1942 welcomed us on the third year of our voyage. This time being Juniors our crew consisted of fourteen members.

Before setting sail we chose our officers. We gave the honor of president to Reginald Pooler; vice-president to Lucile Yeaton; secretary to George Merry; and treasurer to Lester Clark. Student Government representatives were Helen Tracy and Harley Rowe. Class advisor was Mr. Grant.

Again we had three new members of the faculty, Mr. Rancourt, Mrs. Deakin and Mr. Knowlen. A short time later, however, Mr. Rancourt was replaced by Mr. Strathern, Mr. Grant by Mr. Abbott and Mrs. Stinchfield replaced Mrs. Deakin.

On April 23 we sponsored a dance which proved to be a great success. On April 30 Junior Prize Speaking was held. Lucile Yeaton received first prize for girls and Reginald Pooler for boys. Helen Tracy and Harley Rowe received second prizes.

On May 4 Reginald Pooler was called by Uncle Sam to join the armed forces.

With two leaving our crew and Uncle Sam calling we returned home with our crew of eleven.

Summer passed.

In September 1943 we started on our last

voyage together. This time Priscilla Sheaff returned making twelve in our crew.

Being our last voyage we chose our most capable officers:

President HARLEY ROWE

Vice-President HELEN TRACY

Secretary LUCILE YEATON

Treasurer LESTER CLARK

Members of Student Council,
MAXINE YEATON, HAROLD SMITH

Our class advisor was Mr. Knowlen.

Two new teachers welcomed us on the last year of our voyage. These were Mrs. Elwell and Mrs. Shevlin.

On December 30, 1943 we sponsored a New Year's Eve ball which was a big success.

In January 1944, Harold Smith was called to Bangor for examination and is now waiting call from Uncle Sam. It is a great pleasure, indeed, to have him here to graduate with us tonight.

March 31 approached. We presented our Senior Play "*Second Fiddle*". The cast was made up of eight Seniors and one Junior.

As a custom of past three years the D. A. R. award was presented to the most outstanding girl in the Senior class. This was Lucile Yeaton and we are sure she rightly earned it.

Spring months found us working on the yearbook which had been organized by the class of '43.

It has been a custom for the graduating class to leave behind something to be remembered by. We leave behind a \$25.00 War Bond for the school in years to come.

We the Seniors of Norridgewock High school in the class of 1944 tonight leave the portals of dear old N. H. S. and leave behind many things which will long be remembered.

Our last voyage together has ended.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Seated left to right: Ella Estey, Katherine Clark. Standing left to right: Harold Dunlap, Douglas Lynds

The Junior Class

The Junior Class of Norridgewock High school had, at the beginning of the year, nineteen enrolled, 12 girls and seven boys. During the year four dropped out and one came into the class, making a total of sixteen at the close of the school year.

The officers were elected for the year at our first meeting. They were as follows:

<i>President</i>	DOUGLAS LYNDs
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE CLARK
<i>Secretary</i>	ELLA ESTEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	HAROLD DUNLAP
<i>Student Council Members</i>		LUCILLE THEBARGE
		ROBERT MINTON

Robert Minton left our class later in the year and Robert Godin was elected to fill his place. Later Robert Godin left to go to another school and Rodney Sabine was our final choice to fill the place of these two fellows who were greatly missed by the whole class.

Some of our social activities have been a Thanksgiving Dance in November which was very successful. We also had a Junior Prom in May.

One of our major activities of the year was our Prize Speaking Contest sponsored by the Alumni Association. Nine were chosen for the finals from the class. They were:

Philip Miller
Douglas Lynds
Jeanette Thebarga
Marilyn Johnson
Virginia Berry
Cleo Buotte
Eva McClure
Katherine Clark
Barbara Ketchum

The winners were:

First prize for girls — Marilyn Johnson
First prize for boys — Douglas Lynds
Second prize — Barbara Ketchum
Third prize — Katherine Clark



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Seated left to right: Gloria Buotte, Josephine Bacon.
 Standing left to right: Lorraine Rowe, Albert Mitchell.

Sophomore Class

The class of '46 began its Sophomore year in traditional style by sponsoring a Freshman Reception. It was as usual a short initiation of the Freshmen followed by a reception. Helped somewhat by the sale of cider and cookies a favorable profit was received.

On March third a Social was sponsored by the class. Refreshments of soda and sandwiches furnished by the members were sold. Games and dances were carried out by the dance committee and a good time was had by the younger as well as the high school students of the school.

The class has filed their order for class rings.

The class elected their officers as follows:

<i>President</i>	LORRAINE ROWE
<i>Vice-President</i>	JOSEPHINE BACON
<i>Secretary</i>	GLORIA BUOTTE
<i>Treasurer</i>	ALBERT MITCHELL
<i>Student Council Members</i>	JAMES CONDON, EUNICE WESTON



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Seated: Regina Bersani. Standing left to right: Wilhelmina Knowlen, Helen Ashcroft, Marilyn Dunlap

Freshman Class

The annual Freshman Reception was held on the fourth week of school.

The day of the reception we had to come to school dressed in our ceremonious outfits. The boys had to wear one pant leg up and one down, also wear bright red fingernail polish, and wear a necktie.

The girls had to wear their dresses inside out, put their hair up on top of their head, wear one long stocking and one short.

Both boys and girls wore earrings and had a question mark on their forehead and a dot on their nose, made from red lipstick.

The evening initiation consisted of having each member of the class do a stunt, such as telling a joke, walking on crackers blindfolded in stocking feet, imitating "A Bicycle Built for Two".

We Freshmen dreaded it, but its over, and we are looking forward to next year when we

become Sophomores and can initiate the "Little Green Freshies".

The first Freshman assembly was given as a Christmas Play entitled, "The Empty Room". Students of the upper classes took part with Richard Sabine being the only Freshman.

The second assembly was given by Mrs. Skelton, R. N., showing a moving picture on Health.

Four students of the Freshman class appeared on the basketball squad this year. These were Marilyn Boone, Marilyn Dunlap, Glen Albee, and Milton Dunlap.

The class officers are as follows:

<i>President</i>	REGINA BERSANI
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN ASHCROFT
<i>Secretary</i>	MARILYN DUNLAP
<i>Treasurer</i>	WILHEMINA KNOWLEN
<i>Student Government Members,</i>		

MARILYN BOONE
GLEN ALBEE



THE FACULTY

Front row, seated left to right—Mrs. Elwell, Mrs. Shevlin
Back row, standing left to right—Mr. Knowlen, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Strathern

The Faculty

MR. MILTON W. KNOWLEN, *Principal*
English, Physics

This is the second year that Mr. Knowlen has been with us. He is the Senior class advisor, coaches boys' basketball and baseball and the Senior Play. We appreciate all he has done for us, and he will hold a place in our mind for a long time.

MR. LESLIE G. STRATHERN
Mathematics, Languages

A member of the faculty for two years, assistant coach of basketball. His loyalty to the school will be remembered by all.

MR. JAMES ABBOTT
Business Law, Manual Arts

A local man whose ready wit in his classes make these subjects palatable as well as educational.

MRS. SHEVLIN
Home Arts

Another member of the faculty this year who proved to be a great friend to all.

MRS. RUTH ELWELL
History, Civics, Science

A new member of the faculty though a member of the grade teaching staff last year. We wish to thank her for the grand co-operation she has given us in coaching the girls' basketball and the Senior Play.



EDITORIAL BOARD

Seated left to right: Guinevere Smith, Harley Rowe, Lester Clark, Lucile Yeaton, George Merry, Joseph Dee, Priscilla Sheaff.
 Standing left to right: Helen Tracy, Marilyn Dunlap, Maxine Yeaton, Marilyn Johnson, Harold Smith, Marion Lambert, Mary Adams, Ella Estey, Ethel Bridges.

EDITORIAL BOARD

<i>Editor-in-chief</i>	LUCILE YEATON
<i>Assistant Editor-in-chief</i>	GEORGE MERRY
<i>Business Manager</i>	LESTER CLARK
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	JOSEPH DEE
<i>Literary Editors</i>	HELEN TRACY and HARLEY ROWE
<i>Sports Editors</i>	MARION LAMBERT and HAROLD SMITH
<i>Humor Editors</i>	MAXINE YEATON and GUINEVERE SMITH
<i>Club Editors</i>	ETHEL BRIDGES and PRISCILLA SHEAFF
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	ELLA ESTEY
<i>Junior Editor</i>	MARILYN JOHNSON
<i>Sophomore Editor</i>	MARY ADAMS
<i>Freshman Editor</i>	MARILYN DUNLAP



STUDENT COUNCIL MEMBERS

Seated left to right: Nada Webber, Evelyn Yeaton, Maxine Yeaton, Douglas Lynds, Harley Rowe, Regina Bersani, Marilyn Boone, Lucille Thebarger.

Standing left to right: James Condon, Althea Courtney, Jeannette Johnson, Geraldine O'Neal, Harold Smith, Rodney Sabine, Lorraine Rowe, Eunice Weston, Beverly Piper, Glen Albee.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, which consists of three representatives from each class, including the presidents, was re-organized in September with Mr. Knowlen as faculty advisor.

They have regulated the traffic in the corridors, with the senior group as traffic directors.

The club sponsored a sale of War Posters.

The officers are as follows:

<i>President</i>	HARLEY ROWE '44
<i>Vice-President</i>	DOUGLAS LYND'S '45
<i>Secretary</i>	MAXINE YEATON '44
<i>Treasurer</i>	REGINA BERSANI '47



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Standing left to right: Janet Williams (Lucile Yeaton), Minnie Carson (Maxine Yeaton), Mr. Crouch (Joseph Dee), Marion Baker (Marion Lambert), Mrs. Keeler (Ethel Bridges), Dorothy Van Straaten (Guinevere Smith), Wilbur (George Merry).

Seated left to right: Harold Werple (Douglas Lynds), Joan Keeler (Helen Tracy).

The Senior Play*SECOND FIDDLE*

THE CAST

Minnie Carson	Maxine Yeaton
Marion Baker	Marion Lambert
Joan Keeler	Helen Tracy
Wilbur	George Merry
Janet Williams	Lucile Yeaton
Harold Werple	Douglas Lynds
Dorothy van Straaten	Guinevere Smith
Mrs. Keeler	Ethel Bridges
Mr. Crouch	Joseph Dee

THE STAFF

Prompter	Barbara Ketchum
Stage Manager	Harold Smith
Electrician	Harold Smith

Properties	Marilyn Johnson
Costumes	Katherine Clark Ella Estey
Business Manager	Lester Clark
Make-up	Lucile Yeaton Helen Tracy
Tickets	Priscilla Sheaff
Setting	Maxine Yeaton Guinevere Smith Marion Lambert
Head Usher	Harold Dunlap

This play was presented by the Senior class on March 31. It was directed by Mrs. Elwell and Mr. Knowlen.



VARSITY CLUB OFFICERS

Seated left to right: Marion Lambert, Guinevere Smith
 Standing left to right: Douglas Lynds, Harold Smith

Varsity Club

The Varsity Club, which is composed of let-termen of the athletic squad, was formed in 1941.

A meeting was held January 31, 1944 and the following officers were elected:

<i>President</i>	HAROLD SMITH '44
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARION LAMBERT '44
<i>Secretary</i>	GUINEVERE SMITH '44
<i>Treasurer</i>	DOUGLAS LYNDS '45

At the opening of the basketball season a social was held for the purpose of initiating the following new members: Lucile Yeaton, Helen Tracy, Barbara Ketchum, Emerald Kinney, Dorothy Godin, Jennie Hilton, Harold Smith, Joseph Dee, and Katherine Clark.

Refreshments were served.

During the basketball season the club sponsored a series of inter-class games. The Senior boys and girls won the series.

The club also sponsored games to be played

by teams which were made of members of the various classes. Each member of the squad chose a team from other members of the school to play each other. The captains of the teams were chosen as follows:

The boys are: Douglas Lynds, Harold Smith, Albert Mitchell, James Condon, and Joseph Dee.

The girls are: Marion Lambert, Helen Tracy, Lucile Yeaton, Katherine Clark, Emerald Kinney, and Jennie Hilton.

Two teams played the first day and the next day the winning team played the next team. In this way the team that won the final game was victorious over all the other teams. The winning teams were Harold Smith's for the boys and Lucile Yeaton's for the girls.

At the end of the season the basketball squad was given a party by the faculty for being victorious over nearby towns. Refreshments were served which were ice cream, sandwiches, and soft drinks. Many games were played.

D. A. R. Medal

It is customary each year for Mrs. Edward Merrill to come to the high school to explain the qualifications of the D. A. R. "Good Citizenship Pilgrimage" award. It is awarded to some Senior girl. The qualities a girl must have for the D. A. R. medal are:

1. Dependability, including truthfulness, loyalty, and punctuality.
2. Service, including co-operation, courtesy, consideration of others.
3. Leadership, including personality, self-control, ability to assume responsibilities.
4. Patriotism, including unselfish interest in family, school, community and nation.

After the Senior girls vote by secret ballot for the three girls they think are best qualified for the award, the votes are deposited and the faculty vote for the one whom they think has these qualities.

This year Lucile Yeaton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Yeaton, was chosen by her classmates and faculty to represent Norridgewick High School.

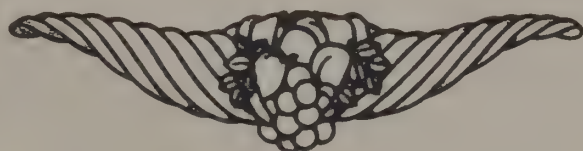
Dancing Class

In March a Dancing class was started. Every Monday night at 4:00 p. m. Miss Viles and Miss Lester came from Skowhegan to teach the students of the entire school dancing. The class lasted for one hour every Monday and was continued for seven weeks, at the price of twenty-five cents per lesson.

After every fourth week a party was held. Games, dancing and singing were enjoyed by all.

After the ballroom dancing class was through at 4:30 p. m. a tap dancing class was held.

The classes had to be discontinued because of scarlet fever.



HONOR ROLL OF 1944

SENIORS

	<i>First Quarter</i>	<i>Second Quarter</i>	<i>Third Quarter</i>
4 A's	Harley Rowe	Lucile Yeaton	
3 A's	Lucile Yeaton	Harley Rowe	Harley Rowe
	Lester Clark	Lester Clark	
2 A's			Lucile Yeaton
			Lester Clark
B's	Joseph Dee	Joseph Dee	Joseph Dee
	Harold Smith	Harold Smith	Harold Smith

JUNIORS

4 A's		Ella Estey	Ella Estey
3 A's	Douglas Lynds	Jennie Hilton	
	Ella Estey	Katherine Clark	Katherine Clark
2 A's	Katherine Clark	Jeanette Theborge	Jennie Hilton
	Jennie Hilton		Marilyn Johnson
	Corrine Jordan		Virginia Berry
B's	Virginia Berry	Virginia Berry	Jeanette Theborge
	Marilyn Johnson	Marilyn Johnson	Douglas Lynds
	Jeanette Theborge	Douglas Lynds	

SOPHOMORES

4 A's		Virginia Taylor	Virginia Taylor
3 A's	Josephine Bacon		Josephine Bacon
2 A's	Muriel Fentiman		Muriel Fentiman
	Phyllis Shields		Lorraine Rowe
			Elsie Wills
B's	Lavon Adams	Josephine Bacon	Eunice Weston
	Lorraine Rowe	Muriel Fentiman	
	Virginia Taylor	Elsie Wills	
	Elsie Wills	Eunice Weston	

FRESHMAN

4 A's	Barbara Neale		Barbara Neale
3 A's		Edith Works	Edith Works
2 A's			Regina Bersani
			Virginia Miller
B's	Regina Bersani	Barbara Neale	
	Gladys Wilder	Maxine Tuttle	
	Wilhelmina Knowlen		
	Edith Works		

EIGHTH GRADE

4 A's	Kathleen Field	Kathleen Field	Kathleen Field
	Marjorie Stickney		
3 A's	Geraldine O'Neal	Marjorie Stickney	
2 A's	Harriet Sheaff		
B's			

SEVENTH GRADE

4 A's			
3 A's	Ivan Witham		
2 A's	Preston Charles	Madelyn Knowlen	Preston Charles
	Madelyn Knowlen		
	Nada Webber		
B's		Nada Webber	Madelyn Knowlen
			Nada Webber
			Evelyn Yeaton

L I T E R A R Y

Valedictory

YOUTH WILL BUILD A BETTER WORLD THROUGH GOVERNMENT

By LESTER CLARK, *Valedictorian*

After the war the burden of building up the government will fall upon the younger generation. The greatest task will be organizing governments for the occupied countries and the belligerents as well. The young men and women of these countries must have the training in a democratic type of government in order to re-organize.

Even in this country youth will have a new responsibility brought about by the airplane which has drawn the countries closer together than ever before. Therefore the governments of the world must recognize the rights of each other and to do this there must be a central power representing every country, large or small, to settle all disputes peacefully, not by war.

The world is faced by a great many problems caused by war, the most important one being providing work for the returning service men and war workers who will be out of employment when the war is over. But in order to do this the government must be operating efficiently, and it also must have capable men who understand and know how to treat these problems that have to be overcome. Speed is essential in shifting from war to peacetime production in order to prevent widespread unemployment and inflation. A postwar depression must be averted at all costs.

However, before anything can be done, politics must be set aside, and each and every individual must do his part in setting up a smooth running government, unhampered by greedy politicians. Such politicians get into office only

because the individual himself permits them through his carelessness in selecting men to hold office. Because crooked politicians can ruin a government as evidenced in France, and the same will notice and become interested in running the government the democratic way, youth, therefore must profit by mistakes of those who have gone before. There should be schools to teach men how the various departments of government operate in order to prevent inexperienced men from holding up the executing of postwar plans.

One factor which must be included in these plans is the providing of work for the people. Civil industry is entirely inadequate for the rapid assimilation of the thousands that will be jobless at the W. P. A. projects, the money should be used to finance small business so that they might start up peacetime production. While this is being done, the states ought to provide work for the unemployed by setting up community projects such as building schools, hospitals, waterworks and roads. When peacetime production is in full swing the government should try limiting the amount of production because over-production causes the lowering of prices which leads to the closing of factories and unemployment. Everyone knows the hardships of a depression period and one, if it is humanly possible, must be avoided. The last depression, bad as it was in this country, was nothing compared to the situation suffered in the conquered countries in Europe today.

The organizing of governments in Europe will be difficult, for the people will be ready to revolt at the least sign of dictatorship after what they have been through under Hitler's rule. The United Nations will run into many difficulties while they are organizing strong governments there. Therefore we must have schools to teach youth how to overcome the

obstacles involved in organizing smooth running governments. For in trained youth alone lies the responsibility of determining the future of the world.

—
Friends and fellow-classmates, our parting here is the saddest and most difficult of all. We have met and overcome many obstacles on the road over which we have traveled. Now we must part as each goes on his way into a war-torn world.

We will never forget the help our parents and teachers have gratefully given us and also the never ceasing assistance of our friends and neighbors who have supported our endeavors.

Tonight we must bid farewell to all the happy moments that we have enjoyed together as the class of '44. Let us be determined to fulfill the hopes and desires of those who have labored in our interests and let us hope that some day in the near future we may meet again as a group in a world at peace.

Salutatory

YOUTH WILL BUILD A BETTER WORLD
THROUGH RELIGION

By HARLEY ROWE, *Salutatorian*

A profound insight into the basic truths and principles of religion at a time of almost universal strife and chaos appears appropriate, and indeed imperative. In recent years men are becoming more and more perplexed by the contention and the disquietude of a civilized world at war. Humanity is fast becoming forced to the inescapable conclusion that if a better world is to result from the present world status, man's religious endeavor must be intensified. With this in view let us endeavor to search out and to indicate the importance of man's religious sentiments in the course of eternity and in the destinies of nations.

Since the creation of the earth men and nations alike have conformed to the ever prevalent guidance of ecclesiastical domination. The infallible God of nature reigns supreme in one open manifestation of his eternal being. All

the wisdom of mankind does not defy the divine challenge. Terrestrial life, in its dependence upon the benignant wisdom of God, bows before the master of the universe. Nations are reared and are judged by the primordial decrees of eternity. Nations rise and fall; kingdoms flourish and wither; civilizations appear and disappear; while still the magnanimous God of the universe, supreme in the power of his omnipotence, and in the ultimate wisdom of his omniscience, unalterably shapes the destinies of men. Humanity may exist in seclusion; mortals may slumber in apathy; but still the predetermined purpose of God, working in ever patient continuity and encompassing all events, marshalls the great procession of nations. Creation and judgment, life and eternity, are governed by the propitious decrees of Almighty God.

Thus we apprehend that in speaking of religion we speak not of something obscure and far from the lives of men, but of the greatest single virtue on earth. It is that controlling element that transforms dark desolate continents into the brightest beacons of civilization. It is that divine power that uplifts and upholds—that reforms and restores. It is that reverence within the souls of men to the God of creation and of judgment.

The strength of a nation lies not in its military might, not in its educational systems, nor in its social functions, but in its devotion and in its reverence to God. Without religion a nation is as a man without sight, ever stumbling and feeling its way through the darkness of unsubstantial caprice. Without religion our own America could never have grown into the greatest nation upon earth. Without religion even civilization is an impossibility.

War has never sealed the peace on earth and good will toward men for which humanity has so long sought, and it has failed even to prove such a thing possible. Remember the words of Napoleon Bonaparte as he commented upon his own career. "The more I study war," he said, "the more I am convinced of its inability to create anything durable," and added, "My empire was established by force, and it has

crumbled. Christ's empire was founded on love, and millions would die for him today." It is impossible for us to find in the annals of history an incident in which an empire established by force has long existed. These empires have risen out of war and bloodshed and have passed from the great deep to the great deep like a tale that is told.

Only when we study the Christian empire do we read of an empire that is permanent—an empire never ending—an empire that is eternal. Only when we study the Christian empire do we read of an empire established on a basis of reverence to God and man—an empire perpetuated by a motivating influence of peace and justice—an empire that has endured intact for twenty-nine generations regardless of the persecution inflicted upon it.

If any nation is to endure the ordeals and difficulties to which all nations are frequently exposed, it must of necessity adhere to those basic principles of Christianity upon which all unity depends. It was but failure toward these ends that precipitated the downfall of the great Roman empire. Ancient Greece was once the proud center of the civilized world, but it, too, crumbled only after its religious endeavor had weakened. These two great empires endured long as dominant world symbols of achievement. Great were their rulers and mighty their empires, but digression from the principles of religion had hastened their doom. Neither the philosophy of ancient Greece, nor all the jurisprudence of Rome could hold fast the ties of irreligious empires. Christianity alone can found a great nation, and until its people fail in their Christianity that nation shall not fail.

Let us in America look with fear upon the day when our great nation may fail to uphold this greatest virtue on earth. Yet even as we study our past as a nation reared under the guidance of the Creator, we come to understand the full meaning of Jefferson's words as he said, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just—that his justice cannot sleep forever." Through all our national history, during many of the periods of threatening

crises, these words of Jefferson's might justly have been reiterated.

Our great civil war, one of the most disgraceful incidents in our entire history, was a striking example of this fact. The repression of slavery was just and righteous, but the fact that our country had turned from its primordial Christian standards and had adopted such atrocious practices as slavery was sad and indeed disgraceful. It happened in those days that a man named Abraham Lincoln made an appropriate speech to the people of America. "We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven," he said, "we have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no nation has ever grown, but we have forgotten God." Yes, America had forgotten God. Otherwise, in the words of Lincoln, that contentious crisis might never have befallen the American people.

Another example of America's departure from the traditional ideals of Christianity was our atrocities in the Philippine Islands. Here again America had failed in the faith of its fathers. Tangible proof of this fact is evidenced in William Vaughn Moody's poem "To a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines", in which he wrote:

*Let him never dream that his bullets'
scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his sinning land,
where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.*

It is hardly possible for us to conceive of this digression from the highest principles of ethics on the part of our beloved America. Yet in this fact lies the very essence of our hopes for the future. In this fact lies the obstacles with which we are reluctant to struggle to effect the culmination of high standards. In this fact lies the greatest objective of this generation—that of building a better world.

We of modern times are well acquainted with the clouds of destruction that have for three decades threatened the very existence of civilization. Two great world conflicts falling almost as one and with unspeakable tragedy upon the modern world are hardly endurable. Shall men never suppress this contentious tide? Shall the forces of evil forever prevail against

that which is righteous? Shall that condition which marshals the nations of the earth to destruction continue to vex humanity? May God allow that it shall not.

Yet in the inward depths of my hopes I see no other way of approach to the matter than through religion. I see no other means by which men can suppress this pernicious tide of evil than through the assistance of the God that created them. Men speak of the future and of the peace to follow this great war, but I am of the opinion, and ever have been, that until this world experiences a religious revival such as never before has occurred perpetual peace cannot be made possible.

Let us not extenuate the issue. The gravity of the issue that confronts the youth of today is unparalleled in the history of mankind. Is the future one to be perpetuated by the blessings of a propitious destiny, or is it one to be filled with the fruitless, the irresolute fate of the past? In answer to this question we can only portend that unless we of this generation seek other channels of hope than those employed in past ages, all our struggles shall have been in vain.

Let us, therefore, raise our universal appeal to the omnipotent God of men, that the world of our building may exist free of the bloodstains of the past. In Christianity rests our strength as individuals; and in Christianity rests our strength as a nation. Let us unerrantly persist in the keeping of those basic principles of civilization; and let us proclaim our standing to the nations of the world. In this lies our hope, and our only hope. It is with high and virtuous hopes for the future that I reiterate,—youth will succeed—youth will build a better world.

First Honor Essay

YOUTH WILL BUILD A BETTER WORLD
THROUGH EDUCATION

By HAROLD SMITH

Public school education has a special role to play at this critical moment of our nation's history but has perhaps been a deferred project throughout this war because the materials and

manpower were needed for what appears to be more essential things.

But don't think for one minute that after this war is over; education will still remain a deferred project because it won't. It is far too important for the welfare and good of the country to be disregarded altogether.

Many educational opportunities have been denied many of our young men during this war. Many of our teachers and young men have been drafted into the armed forces and many have left school to get jobs in war industries.

The building of new and better school buildings with more recreational facilities will help to encourage the boys and girls to attend school to get their education. The building of these new and better schools will also help to do away with the unemployment which is certain to occur when this war is over. With the return of peace our young men who have been in the service and working in war industry will return to high school, college and professional schools.

With the reconversion and readjustments in education, better conditions and wider educational opportunities will arise for the youth of our land. The people of today little realize that highly trained citizens are an inestimable asset to every community in the country.

With the ending of the war just around the corner our government has people employed for the sole purpose of planning for the post-war world. The educational plans of the national government are under the supervision of a Work Director. This Work Director has already taken great steps in planning for the advancement of education for the postwar world in which youth is going to play the important part.

With the ending of the war schools will be opened up for the returning disabled veterans, young men who left school to work in the war factories, and there are plans also laid for occupational training for all workers who wish to study in any special field. All of this training will be paid for by the United States Government.

The government has another plan and that is for getting rid of its surplus of money that will accumulate in the Treasury. There are several ways by which they plan to get rid of this money and included in their plan is education. The surplus to be used for education is to make the schools and similar institutions better and more suitable places for educational opportunities.

The government is also setting up training schools, at its own expense, for the training of its negotiates, representatives of contractors, and other interested groups.

These plans of the national government for the postwar world if carried out successfully by the government will bring about an increase in education that has never before been witnessed in the history of the United States.

The state government of each state of the union is also very busy making plans for education for the postwar era.

The State of Maine which we are all more interested in has made great progress in its planning. The State Commissioner of Education, Harry Gilson, has pronounced the present educational system of Maine inadequate for the postwar world.

Mr. Gilson, with the help of others high in the educational field, have made plans for a new educational system, the consolidation of schools in Maine. The plan set forth by these men affords a better opportunity for the children of the state to receive a better education, but there are many parents who are not in favor of these new plans.

The new system set before us by Mr. Gilson provides for the consolidation of the elementary as well as the secondary schools in Maine. The new system for elementary schools provides for one teacher for each grade, not more than thirty students for each teacher and a minimum of 180 students to each elementary school.

This new system will mean the closing of many smaller high schools and by this action the students will have to be transported from the smaller towns to the larger schools.

If these plans are to be brought to a success-

ful conclusion, they must receive the full cooperation of every citizen of the state.

Postwar education is going to be a great investment, and not an expense, for every individual because every person who gets a good job must have a good education.

The people of this state should try to send their children through high school and we should also try to increase the enrollment of students in our institutions of higher learning.

If these plans for the improvement in education for youth, in the postwar world, are to materialize you all will have to give up some of your present ideas as to how youth should be educated and let the modern ideas come into existence.

Second Honor Essay

YOUTH WILL BUILD A BETTER WORLD THROUGH SCIENCE

By JOSEPH DEE

One of the most important features of modern civilization has been the tremendous growth of Knowledge. This growth is especially notable in the field of science. It would be hard to specify any particular field of science or the one in which most remarkable progress has been made. Today's most promising frontiers are those of Science — those which are being explored by research workers in laboratories both great and small. They have largely replaced the geographical frontiers of the past. And these frontiers have a great advantage over the old geographical ones. After all, space on the earth is limited, but the scope of exploration in science is unlimited. Whenever science has seemed to reach a dead end, a new road has opened, generally far broader than that, they will continue indefinitely—that we shall never reach a state where knowledge will be complete.

At war or at peace, then, our world of today is a very different place from what it was a few generations ago. Thanks to scientific research new jobs, new processes, and new industries have come into being.

Science may be compared to an extremely complicated interlocking jigsaw puzzle—each idea, theory, or scientific law being a unit. The idea must be fitted together accurately so that the whole picture locks together yet remains sufficiently flexible that new theories or concepts can be added. Each new theory must extend the frontiers of science or fill in a missing section of the scientific picture as a whole, in such a manner as to make a scientifically round structure proof against argument.

Science is regarded by many as mysterious. The newspapers are largely responsible for this point of view. Their headlines will read: SCIENCE DISCOVERS — SCIENCE FINDS — and the like. Another point of view regards science as classified knowledge concerning the correctness of which there is a high degree of certainty.

The frontier of knowledge is advanced, but always beyond there is the broader frontier of the unknown. We may anticipate that in the coming years scientists will continue to explore this unknown frontier finding answers to new questions. Undoubtedly in the future, as in the past, these answers will lead to discoveries and inventions of daily usefulness.

In very practical ways, science enriches life. During the past century it has provided the basis for our modern means of transportation and communication. It has given us new machines and new materials, new ways of lighting and heating. It has expanded in many profitable ways our knowledge of electricity and chemistry. In short, our technical civilization, of which we boast, is a structure built upon the foundations of science provided by work in laboratory, field, and study.

But science is more than its accumulated facts. It involves a way of thinking — the scientific method. This includes an objective, impersonal, and above all, unprejudiced approach to problems. It includes the ability to formulate questions and assemble the relevant information or devise suitable experiments for solution of problems. Finally, it includes the capacity to reach just conclusions, free alike from superstition, folklore, and wishful

thinking. Among the most profitable benefits from a study of science is an appreciation of this scientific method and an understanding of the possibility and necessity of applying it in our own individual thinking.

The development of such a project as the Panama Canal was possible only because man was able to control the physical and biological factors of his environment. Development of many other projects have been possible only by the aid of science. Inventions such as streamlined trains, giant airliners, huge hydro-electric plants, radio, television, the huge ocean liners, and many others would have been impossible without the aid of science. Discoveries in electricity, medicine, and chemistry have progressed and are still on the way to the top only then to expand into the broader fields of tomorrow.

The war has caused scientists to make a great study in the field of medicine. Because of this, great discoveries have been made that would have taken years to work out if our scientists had not been right on their toes. Sulfa drugs have been discovered and found to fight pneumonia, erysipelas, impetigo, scarlet fever, trachoma and many other diseases with excellent results. Penicillin has been found to be effective against asleomyelitis, empyema, and persistent infections. Vitamin increase resistance to disease and promote growth and good health. The invention of the electron microscope is affording scientists a new insight into structure of viruses. Discovery of Brief Therapy will reduce both the time and cost of psychiatric treatment. The development of a machine with the ability to think biologically prompts doctors to seek the environmental causes of sickness. Discovery of psychomotoric medicine has made possible better diagnosis and more effective medical care. These are only a few of the great discoveries that are being made by our scientists of today. Many of these scientists are young men, and undoubtedly will live to see their discoveries used to a great advantage and in the meantime make many more useful ones.

Medicine is not the only field in which new studies have been opened. New fields in radio

and television have made way for the coming of television into every home at no great expense. It is the youth of our country who will have these advantages. Through television our youth will be in close contact with all the world not only through voice but also through action. These actions will not be like those reproduced in the movies, but will be taking place at the same time that they are being observed.

The present state of affairs has caused the greatest development in air power. Following the war, we may expect rapid advancement in commercial and private use of the airplane.

There is a great future in all fields of science, and it is the youth of our country who will have the job to examine their fields and make the discoveries and inventions of the future world. If it seems that a dead end has been reached in any of these fields, it will be up to youth, scientifically trained, to discover new and broader fields to examine.

Science will undoubtedly produce a "scientific nation", a nation great in invention and the use of the natural forces and resources.

All this can be accomplished only by youth trained in the application of scientific knowledge and research.

The Great Change in Schools

By ALBERT C. MITCHELL

It hasn't been too long since I was a student at one of another state's larger urban schools.

Somewhere amidst approximately 1,200 students of my particular grade I could be found during any school day, participating in the various activities which constituted a school day.

At 8:30 each morning, rustling feet and chattering mouths stop their disturbing sound to begin a new school day. Incidentally we, the students of this school, were fortunate enough to pursue our course of study in the splendor of a new \$3,000,000 school. Our modern equipment for example each morning after the opening bell our principal, Mr. Hoyt D. Smith, was heard in each room simultaneously. From then until the closing bell each one of the students competed with great intensiveness in

order that he would remain near the top of his group.

Late this past summer I left that particular environment to come here to this community. When at first I saw the school I was to attend, I was greatly disappointed. It seemed so very, very small. I was sure I wouldn't like it. There didn't seem to be any comparison between the school I was going to attend and the school I had left. Wearily I trudged to my first class quite disappointed in my future prospects, but then before my morning's classes were underway, the friendliness of my fellow students soon made me forget what I had just left.

Now the impossible has happened to me. I no longer long for that huge building and its enormous competitive environment. The warmth and kindness of both my teachers and fellow students have made this year one long to be remembered.

Utopia

By GEORGE MERRY

I am a nature lover! To me this old and rugged universe is constantly pouring out its wealth! Daily, I am gathering the fruits of the seed sown in the beginning of the earth. Come from the hearth and budge from the fireside ye fools. Are you not aware that you cannot afford to miss these wonderful things put here by our creator?

For me there is no season that is dull. In spring, I am entranced by the myriad forms of life that come into view. You are not because you do not see them. You cannot expect to, for your eyes are fixed upon the pages of "Wuthering Heights" or staring into the latest movie. To me, summer reveals maturity of all creation; autumn brings the fulfillment of earlier promises; and winter lulls life to sleep with its assurance of resurrection. But, where are you? You, too, are being lulled to sleep. Come, be awake and alert, for you have but one life to live on this earth.

Again to me, all weathers are one. We are now approaching a time of year which is most dreaded. "It rains; it's muddy." Do not be

like that! Be a nature lover! The rains of spring nourish all nature. The heat of summer matures and ripens the fruits; the frosts of winter give rest and peace, and all rejoice.

Yet, again, to me, each day is good. In the morning life awakens with me; through the day it works; the peace and quiet of evening shed their benediction upon me. Does the day mean anything to you? No. It is just another day gone with little accomplished and little to remember.

I have no dull moments for I am "merry." I seek not to hurry time. If I be delayed I may discover something not seen before, and my impatience is forgotten.

Now my youth is filled with joys of discovery; in middle age, the marvels about me shall hold my interest undimmed. I shall await old age with calmness for I am one with the universe and am content.

An Unforgettable Experience

By HAROLD SMITH

On December 29, 1943, I received, in the mail, my papers to appear at the Draft Board, at Skowhegan, on January 12, 1944. From there I was to be sent to an induction station for my Army physical examination.

On the morning of January 12, 1944, I arrived at the Draft Board at 6:45 a. m., and at 7:15 a. m. we were put aboard a bus; we arrived at the Brewer Auditorium at 10:15 a. m.

We were given our papers and a number for the day. The number was used in place of a name. Those who were not graduated from high school were given a mental test of seventeen questions to be done in fifteen minutes. On this test I received a score of fifteen out of a possible seventeen. We were then sent to the second floor where we were given our physical examination.

This examination consists of an X-ray, dental exam, eye exam, blood pressure, heart and lung exam, and a color blind test.

There were four of us that were given the second mental test. This one was made up of fifty questions to be answered in fifteen minutes. After I completed the test, the lieutenant told

me that he was giving me a special deferment for a month.

I was then sent to the waiting room on the first floor where I stayed until 1:00 p. m.

We were taken to dinner in an Army truck, which, incidentally, was my first ride in one. After dinner we were taken back to the induction station where we had to sit until 5:00 p. m.

We were again put aboard a bus and sent back to Skowhegan where we arrived at 6:00 p. m.

In a week I received a notice from the Draft Board saying that I had been found acceptable for limited service in the Army.

On February 12, I was again sent to the induction station, and I am now waiting for my orders to report for duty with the Army.

This was an experience I am sure I will remember for a long time.

The Road To Anywhere

By VIVIAN PERKINS

*Across the places deep and dim,
And places brown and bare,
It reaches to the planet's rim —
The Road to Anywhere.*

*Now east is east, and west is west,
But north lies in between,
And he is blest whose feet have pressed
The road that's cool and green.*

*The road of roads for them that dare,
The lightest whim obey,
To follow where the moose or bear
Has brushed his headlong way.*

*The secrets that these tangles house
Are step by step revealed,
While, to the sun, the grass and boughs
A stare of odors yield.*

*More sweet these odors in the sun
Then swim in chemists' jars;
And when the fragrant day is done,
Night — and a school of stars.*

*Oh, east is east, and west is west,
But north lies full and fair;
And blest is he who follows free
The Road to Anywhere.*

Awaken Sansfoy

By HARLEY ROWE

*Who gave you the hills,
Oh child of wealth?
Who gave you the hills
From whence cometh thy help?*

*Who created nature's great mountains,
And divided the darkness from light?
Who opened life's clearest of fountains,
That beauty may dwell in your sight?*

*Who gave you the dews of the morning?
Who touched the green grass on the lea?
Who colored the flush of the laving;
Inspired the appeal of the sea?*

*Who gave you the oceans of thought so deep,
And guided you on your way?
Who gave you the guardian angel of sleep,
That morning may see a new day?*

*Who offered the water of life so free,
And wept when he saw you in sin?
Who gave you his life on gray Calvary,
That you to his side he might win?*

*Who, in eternity's ages,
Created this universe all?
Who, on the Holy Book's pages,
Said "I am the father of all?"*

*Who, though we wander in darkness,
Has promised an end of the night?
Who, in the humblest meekness,
Said "I of the world am the light?"*

*Good friend, as a message to you,
Lest influence draw us apart,
I recommend Christ to pursue,
With an eager and humble heart.*

*And to obtain true joy I would propose,
As true virtue will ever perceive,
Live such that your doings you may expose,
And never your father deceive.*

The Ambitious Son

By PEARL McCLURE

Harry Sirois Junior was born March 10, 1924. He joined a happy family of six all the age from two to ten.

Mr. and Mrs. Sirois were very proud of

their little son for he was the first boy of the six children. They had every right to baby him, and he was soon the pet of the family.

Harry was a boy who was always in trouble. He was a "Man of Action" and his mother used to say to her husband, "Harry, your son is just like you." This would make Mr. Sirois feel proud of course.

Time flew fast. So fast grew Harry that his mother began to lose hold of him and only his father could handle him.

It was 1940, in the month of June, three weeks before school stopped. Harry came home that day all excited. "Mom!"

"Yes, Harry, I'm in the kitchen," coming in she continued. "What do you want, dear?"

"Mom, you've been swell to me. You've let me have my way hundreds of times, and now the best thing on earth has happened."

"Yes, Harry?"

"Mom, can I join the Air Corps?"

"Harry."

"Gee Whiz, Mom, I know I'm only sixteen, but I look eighteen. They'll take me. I know Pop will let me."

"Harry, we'll wait until your father gets home. Now you get washed up for supper."

It was talked over with his parents that evening, and they both decided that he should stay home and finish school and then he could join. There was nothing Harry could say.

Harry was very disappointed if ever any boy was. The next week he talked with his friends only about the Air Corps, but it still didn't get him anywhere.

Well, it came. Harry didn't return home one night. In fact, he didn't return at all. No one knew where he was until one day a while later his mother received a letter saying he was safe, well and happy in Texas in the Air Corps.

Harry was a great pilot. In fact, he was one of the best. His family became very proud of him.

December 7, 1941. It was a swell day and Harry was just coming in from a test flight when the alarm came. Pearl Harbor was being bombed. This was Harry's chance, the one he'd been waiting for.

He and four other bombers were sent over to look around. Two returned. Harry began to realize that this was no fooling.

There were more missions, and soon Harry had been on ten missions and had scored great.

The day was very warm in Middleton at the home of the Sirois. They hadn't heard from Harry and were desperately worried. The girls were all busy helping their mother. Mr. Sirois was out mowing the lawn when a boy on a bicycle rode in the yard.

"Mrs. Sirois home?"

"Can I take it, boy?"

"Okay."

Mr. Sirois looked at it. It was a telegram from Harry's captain. He had guessed what it was, but he sat down and opened it. Harry had been brave and true to his country. He had fought until the last. His plane had been shot down somewhere over the Pacific.

The rest of the day was spent in mourning. They had lost Harry forever; their only son.

Two months passed and one bright June morning a stealthy figure in a khaki suit walked up to the door of the little home. He stopped and looked around. Inside he could hear dishes rattling.

He rang the doorbell, and before anyone could answer, he walked in. Such a feeling went through the family as they beheld before them their lost son, Harry. He had been spared. He was just an ordinary ambitious boy.

Of Death

By HARLEY ROWE

Think not of death as being faint and far away, scarcely discernable through the broken mists that hover low over the path of life. Though the trail now appears endless, when we stand at its end and peer into eternity, it shall have seemed dangerously brief.

Then shall those workers of vanity realize that they have but glanced at the realm of eternity, and that their works have availed them but dishonor and bitter grief. Swamped with thoughts of the uncertain future, they shall become aware of their impotency, and stand

humbly before the gates of their fiery future abode.

One fatal step finds us in eternity standing upon our life's record. And we may not be aware of the proximity of that step, for our power is so limited that we are servants of the very atmosphere and are helpless to adjust our environment. The foods, the water, without which our bodies could not exist, we cannot create. The hospitable shelters by which we are made secure from the ever powerful elements are not of the works of man. Even our bodies we use, but do not own. Therefore who among us can venture into the future? The supposition that we are to remain of this fold for threescore and ten years is unstable ground upon which to stand. Let us not allow the chain of illusions to pull clouds of deceit before our eyes.

Death awaits not only the humble, not only the weak, not only the afflicted, not only the meek, but all. Strong man, your end upon earth shall be marked by the sting of death. Great man, yours also is the winding trail which is not without end. Beautiful women, time shall shrink you too into the dust of the earth. He that has himself exalted by virtue of wordly works shall fall victim of the death angel, and in that cold hour be conquered by the grave.

But to him that is humble, to him that is meek, shall the sting of death be negligible, for he is of a higher kingdom than that of the earth. Therefore of all people he only is happy in the hour of death. Let us therefore seek his footsteps, that we may come to enjoy the fullness of his cherished narrow path.

The Gift of the Violin

By LUCILE YEATON

"Extra, Extra. All the latest news of the great wreck at Tremont. Extra, Extra," shouts a dark slim fellow of fifteen, who is standing on the City Hall Square, weary from a tedious day of wandering the streets.

He was not handsome, but frank looking and good humored, very shabbily dressed, showing signs of poverty.

Chester's father and mother had been killed in a wreck a few years before, leaving Chester nothing but an old violin with which to begin his life in the world.

Ever since that time, Chester had made his home with his aunt in a humble tenement. She had earned a very small income by sewing. Chester had taken up selling papers, but few seemed to buy of him. He sat down on one of the steps to think over the situation. He had only twenty-five cents left to his name and was wondering what he should do.

At last, as he was looking over one of his papers, the following advertisement caught his eye:

"WANTED—A YOUNG MAN TO PLAY THE VIOLIN AT MY STUDIO. APPLY TO W. J. DEVOE."

This was just the thing for his father—a skilled musician himself—had taught him from early childhood.

Chester made his way home to tell his aunt his plan. Although she was not very hopeful, Chester was determined to try.

After getting "in tune again", he made his way to the art studio. The artist attracted by his face hired him to play for the amusement of his guests or customers.

Day after day Chester played. Sometimes it seemed as if he could play no more, so tired did he get. He, however, was paid to amuse people and so he must earn his wages. Days, weeks, months passed, Chester was earning hardly enough to keep his aunt and him in clothing and food. The rent was to be paid but how? Then there was the coal bill, not very large, but too large for his limited means. At last their landlord ordered them to move out within four days unless the rent was paid.

That night was an unusually hard one for Chester. A great number of people assembled at the studio "for a jolly good time." Chester staggered home, tired, discouraged, and almost sick. The next morning, however, found him back at the studio.

This was a lucky day for he had a chance to go to France to study music, and in the meantime act as a companion to a rich old gentleman.

Oh, if he could only go! But no, he could not for there were bills to pay, and he could not leave his aunt.

When he arrived home, he carefully placed his violin on the table. Just then his aunt appeared with a large wooden box and set it on top of the precious violin. C-r-a-s-h-! The violin was broken.

As Chester was looking at his only means of support, a slip of paper caught his eye. It was tucked into the inside of the violin. Opening the paper he found the following:—

"My Dear Son:

Enclosed you will find 100 dollars, placed there for a rainy day. I hope that you will find it at a time when it is most needed by you.

FATHER"

Service Star

By PEARL McCLEUR

*Little shining Service Star
How I wonder who you are.
Does a sweetheart or a wife?
Or a mother, proud but sad
Who gave her all, her only son.*

*If he could only see you there
A little shining star of prayer.
In that window night and day
Shining for service in your way.
How you send those beams so far
You are the emblem, the Service Star.*

The Mansion Mystery

By LOIS McKECHNIE

As I entered the historic old mansion, a feeling of sudden mystery prevailed over me. I stopped in silent wonder surveying the room in which I stood. All about me stood majestic relics of a forgotten date.

Suddenly I had the feeling of being watched. With fear clutching my heart, I turned slowly around until I was facing the stairs. Looking upward I met the tragic gaze of a beautiful woman.

Her crimson gown accented her raven black hair and brought out clearly the jade green of her eyes. As she slowly descended the winding

stairs. I knew instinctively that hers had been a life of untold tragedy.

Suddenly all the rumors I had ever heard about this mansion returned to me in a flash. This was the story which I had pieced together from rumors.

Elena Randolph had been madly loved by two brothers, Andre and Pierre. Andre killed himself in a fit of fierce jealousy. After a child was born to Elena, Pierre was killed in a hunting accident. Elena was left to roam the mansion where she slowly became insane. No one ever heard what became of the child.

"Who was this woman?" I asked myself. "Was it possible that this was the child of Elena? Was this the child who had been born so long ago in this mansion?"

She looked at me then and said: "Who are you? You are not one of the cast." I looked at her thinking she had gone mad, when from behind me I heard an angry shout. "Hey! get out of the way. Can't you see we are making a movie?"

"Tonight We Raid Berlin"

By BEVERLY LIBBY

*The moon is high above the trees,
The water ripples in the soft breeze.
A group of men sit silently still,
A silent watchman stands on the hill.
One man breaks out with a sneery grin,
And says, "Men, tonight we raid Berlin."*

*They waited, they watched, they prayed,
This would be an unexpected raid.
When out on the water an object moved.
Everything now would soon be proved.
It was a boat and a man within,
He said, "Tonight we raid Berlin."*

*In less time than man can tell,
They were off to give Herr Hitler Hell,
Boats full of men went gradually on,
They had from midnight until dawn.
They would clean up the town of sin,
For tonight these men were to raid Berlin.*

Teacher—Order please.
Boy—Hot beef sandwich.

Ro W e
M E rry

T racy
G. Smit H
Lamb E rt

H. S mith
D E e
L. Yeato N
Br I dges
M. Yeat O n
Cla R k
S heaff

Old Glory

*Our flag is loved and saluted
By every American true,
It is known by its meaning and colors.
The red, the white and the blue.*

*With its stars and stripes and golden staff
It waves over land and sea,
It is loved by all who fight for it,
It is the emblem of liberty.*

*We have fought for and cherished Old Glory,
And hatred could never mix
With the love we have felt for our banner gay
Since seventeen-seventy-six.*

*Many years and centuries have passed
Since Independence was first signed,
But never a ship has left its port,
With Old Glory left behind.*

*So that is why the people now
Buy bonds to keep it waving,
It is not a waste of money
But a patriotic way of saving.*

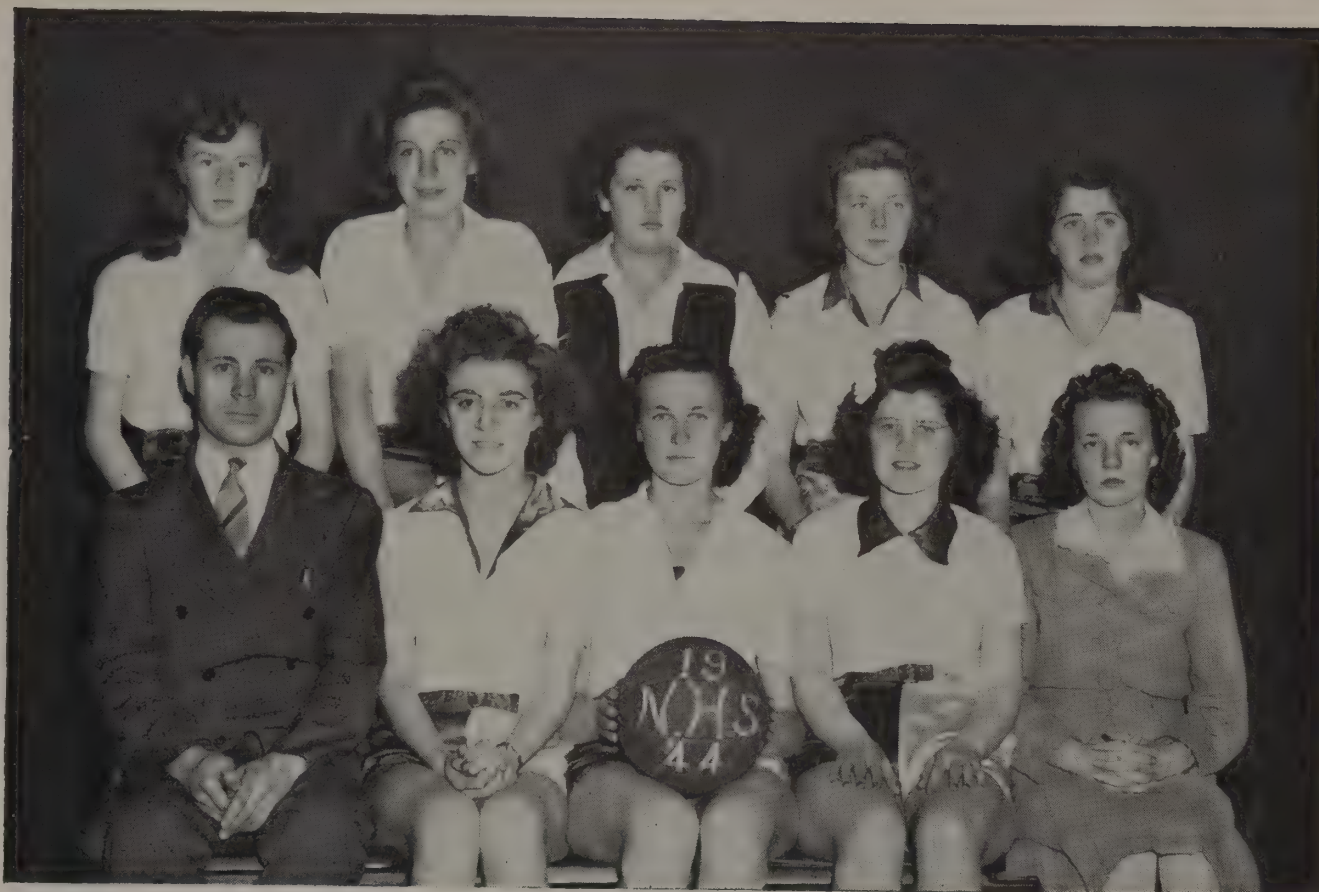
MARGARET STICKNEY

PHYSICS CLASS:

Mr. Knowlen—I'll have to get my strap to use in this class.

Maxine—You wouldn't hit a girl if you were a gentleman.

Mr. Knowlen—I'm not a gentleman, I'm the principal.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row, left to right: Mr. Strathern, Lucile Yeaton, Capt. Marion Lambert, Helen Tracy, Mrs. Elwell
Back row, left to right: Marilyn Dunlap, Jennie Hilton, Mgr. Ella Estey, Katherine Clark, Betty Boone.

We were able to do more this year in the way of sports as the transportation problem was not quite as serious as it was last year.

Football

There wasn't any football played outside of the school this year due to transportation. Only one game was played and that was with the Alumni. The high school won 27-7.

We sincerely hope next year's squad may have a schedule with outside teams.

Basketball

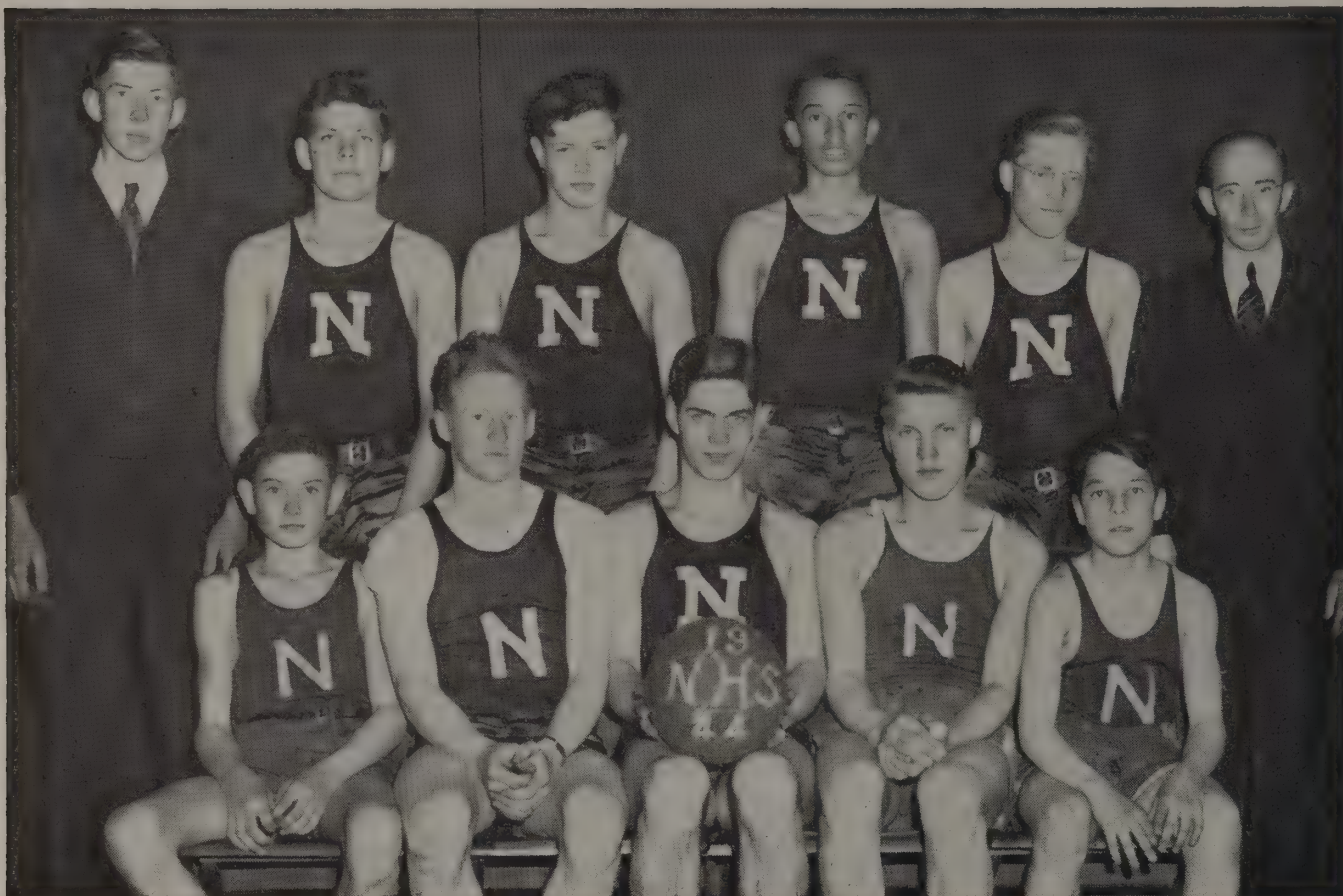
The basketball squads of N. H. S., both boys and girls, had a fine season with sixteen

games for the boys, and thirteen games for the girls. The boys captured a total of eight victories and suffered eight defeats and the girls seven victories and suffered six defeats.

The boys' squad was coached by our principal, Mr. Knowlen, and the girls' squad by Mrs. Elwell with Mr. Strathern as assistant coach.

Nine boys were present at the first boys' practice but that increased to fourteen after several practices, while twenty appeared at the first girls' practice and this number remained the same throughout the season.

Lester Clark and Ella Estey were elected as managers of the boys' and girls' squads. They were very successful in carrying out their work.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row, left to right: Milton Dunlap, Harold Dunlap, Capt. Joseph Dee, George Merry, Lawrence Libby
 Back row, left to right: Mgr. Lester Clark, James Condon, Douglas Lynds, Albert Mitchell, Harold Smith, Mr. Knowlen.

Following is a brief summary of the games played:

<i>Girls' Score</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Boys' Score</i>
35-20-A	Alumni	32-28-A
26-14-S	Skowhegan	42-22-S
31-14-A	Alumni	
	Oakland	30-25-N
	Greenville	52-23-G
32-21-N	Madison	37-13-M
34-10-N	New Sharon	57-22-N
31-26-N	North Anson	30-22-N
36-23-N	New Sharon	22-13-N
31-21-L	Lawrence	38-12-N
57-31-N	North Anson	46-33-N

32-22-S	Strong	30-23-N
19-9-N	Skowhegan	42-28-S
32-20-N	Oakland	28-26-O
Norridgewock Boys' Club	Madison	42-25-M
21-8-L	Lawrence	42-18-N.H.S.
		27-19-L

Albert Mitchell was high scorer for the boys with a total of 241 points. Marion Lambert was high scorer for the girls with a total of 109 points.

Albert Mitchell was chosen to represent Norridgewock High School on the All-Star Team which played the New England Champs, the Purple Panthers, of Waterville High School.



BASEBALL SQUAD

Front row, left to right—Milton Dunlap, Harold Damren, (Captain) Harold Smith, (Manager) George Merry, Harold Dunlap.

Back row, left to right — Douglas Lynds, Albert Mitchell, Philip Miller, Glen Albee, James Condon, (Coach) Milton W. Knowlen.

There are six veterans being lost by graduation. They include Helen Tracy, Lucile Yeaton, Marion Lambert, Harold Smith, George Merry and Joseph Dee.

There are several prospects for next year's teams on both boys' and girls' squads, and we hope to see N. H. S. have as fine a season next year as it had this year.

We wish to thank the townspeople for their support and co-operation during the basketball season and especially those who provided transportation to the out of town games which enabled us to have a very successful season.

Baseball

The baseball squad held its first practice April 25. Twenty boys appeared at the first practice with Mr. Knowlen acting as coach.

The squad consists of the Manager, George Merry '44; Captain, Harold Smith '44; Douglas Lynds '45, Harold Dunlap '45, Philip Miller '45, Albert Mitchell '46, James Condon '46, Glen Albee '47, Milton Dunlap '47, Harold Damren '49.

So far only one game has been played and that was with Madison. Norridgewock won with a score of 8-3. Games have been scheduled with Belgrade and Oakland.

THE SUNNY SIDE

My First Shave

By GEORGE W. MERRY

*One day when I was very small
I thought that I would shave,
I had seen big brother do it
And seen how to behave.*

*I got Dad's mug and shaving brush
With soap and water clean,
Then got into his bureau drawer
And fetched his razor keen.*

*I lathered up my cheeks and chin
And almost all my head,
I tried to shave the whiskers off
But cut my lip instead.*

*I got the towel and wiped it off
And thought I'd try once more,
But the razor trimmed my ear,
And, oh boy, how I swore.*

*Once more I tried that awful task,
And tried to be so careful,
But the razor up and slipped
And cut my "Adams Apple."*

*I put the apparatus up,
My face was full of pain,
Then I up and swore to God
I'd never shave again.*

"Foul Play" or "Players' Gratitude"

By DOUGLAS LYND

If ever a man, woman or child felt let down, or felt that he had let someone else down, or felt that he had been handed a rotten deal, it's likely that that person has just added one more foul onto his string trying to get revenge outside the official law of "Basketball".

Strange as it seems, the ref is to blame for the whole stinking business. I go running down

the court all open, get a good sight on the basket, and let her fly.

"Why you dirty guy!" Well, I may have missed the basket because of that beautiful hip of my opponent, but I get two free throws for it. That's one consolation.

"What, ref—didn't you see that clip he gave me. Holy donuts, if you aren't going to call them, I'll win the score myself." Here's your chance. Now he has passed. Yup, he's cutting through. Here he comes! Oh, boy! This is going to be beautiful. He pulls in just right and goes up for his shot. You time him perfectly. Whang Oh! That was a beauty. It gives him almost a free trip around the world.

"How did you like that Mr. tall, dark and hippy!"

"What's that you're saying, ref? Foul on No. 4? Oh, cut it out, ref. Gee Whiz and Holy Donuts! That's my fourth one. You can't do that. After all, you don't call them when he does it."

Doggone the refs. Aren't they a pain? No sense of fair play at all, the dirty so and sos!

HE WAS VERY BASHFUL, and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore, and she became silent for a time. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold." "You should not say that," was his word of consolation, "for God loves you and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."

I'm but a stranger here. Heaven is my home.
—Harley Rowe.

As proper a man as one shall ever see—Mr. Strathern.

By GEORGE MERRY

Joe and Lester said they were going to cross the *Bridges* of the *Dee* river and go down beyond the *Saltmarsh* in the *Moore* lands so I went *Witham*.

We passed a *Shepherd* who was chasing some sheep but they only grew *Wilder* and he could not *Ketchum*. I chase a *Brown Lambert*; I tripped over a *Rozve* of *Berry* bushes and cut my *Adams* apple but it *Heald* all right.

We visited the black *Smith* whose hammer made a *Merry* tune when making *Shields*.

We also visited the *Taylor* and watched the *Miller* grind a *Sheaff* of wheat.

When we visited *Clark* field to see the fire *Works*, the *Knight* at the gate began to *Neil* as we entered.

We returned just in time to see *Thebargo* going down the *Weston* end of the *Dee* river.

Supper consisted of *Bacon* and *Beans*.

An Inspiration, Please

By GEORGE MERRY

*Give me an inspiration, please
So I may write a poem.
I cannot seem to think of anything
And it is quite annoying.*

*Oh! I have an inspiration now,
I'll write about my love.
I have a little sweetheart,
And she's pretty as a dove.*

*Her hair is long and shiny
And it hangs about her face.
She's pretty as a picture
All trimmed around with lace.*

*Her rosy cheeks are dimpled,
And her eyes are bright and blue.
Her lips are red and lovely.
I like that kind. Don't you?*

Joe—When do leaves begin to turn?

Bill—The night before the final exam.

1st—How come you go steady with Helen?

2nd—She's different from the other girls.

1st—How's that?

2nd—She's the only girl that will go with me.

Lost Appetite

By BARBARA KETCHUM

*The other night there came to me
(or rather to my nose)
As dreadful smell as there could be
And it wasn't any rose.*

*I whiffed again, but there it was
Oh, so very plain
I moved along at hurried pace
But smelt it just the same.*

*At last I reached my destination
And there I pitched my tent,
My back was very tired
And all my bones were bent.*

*I started up my fire,
And decided to cook my meat,
Then settled down upon the ground
To rest my weary feet.*

*Then suddenly it came to me
Just as it had before —
That dreadful odor once again,
Only this time a little more!*

*At last I looked at my well cooked meat
And cut off a tremendous hunk,
Then there before me about four feet
I spied that gosh durned skunk!*

*I slung my treasured meat at him,
We had an awful fight,
And I discovered when he'd gone
He had spoiled my appetite.*

PHYSICS CLASS:—

Douglas—I know a fellow who wrote in to the five fellows who are at the head of income tax department and asked them what his income tax would be. They sent back five different answers.

Mr. Knowlen—Those fellows aren't in there because they know about it. They are in there because their grandfather bought a horse from Roosevelt.

*I was thinking, sadly thinking
On a quiet moonlight night
Of a soldier in the army
Far away from my sight.*

— Helen Tracy

We Juniors

By MARILYN JOHNSON '45

*We Juniors are a classy bunch;
Sixteen is our number
Each and all have got the punch
We're never known to slumber.*

*Jennie is the sassy dame,
Who's famed in basketball.
Emerald's also of like fame
Although not quite so tall.*

*Barbara has a grown up air,
Which really scares us all.
Kay who is so very fair
To me she seems so small.*

*Pearl and Cleo sing our blues,
They have a different flare.
Cleo sings the "torchy" ones
While Pearl swings them here and there.*

*Ella always modest
But a twinkle in her eye,
Gives a fleeting little look
As she passes by.*

*Virginia plans to be a nurse,
A good one she will make.
Beverly majors in Household Arts,
She sure can sew and bake.*

*Lucile, I must not forget her,
The quietest girl in our class
And then Jeanette, her sister,
Another nifty lass.*

*Douglas a name that's hard to rhyme,
With a Soph he takes the cake.
Harold still in his prime
His heart is hard to take.*

*Phillip lets time just slip by,
His future's all at sea.
Rodney's aims are very high,
A doctor he would be.*

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The petty follies that themselves commit.—
Joseph Dee and Eunice Weston.

They are too fresh to keep, too green to eat.
Why not throw them away? ——— Freshmen.

*Little spots of knowledge
Little puffs of wit
Make the simple freshmen
Think the seniors it.*

*I love my noisy prattle
Of ceaseless words that flow
I love to wind my mouth up
I love to hear it go.*

—BARBARA KETCHUM

Locals

*Take our slams from whence they come
And don't get peeved or sore
For when you get out into life
No doubt you will get more.*

IF YOU HAVE A LOOSE lid on your temper box, it's a good plan to hold on to it while reading these locals.

*When the big class of "44" came to this school
The first thought of the Seniors was "poor
little fools,"
But when they had been there a very short time
It was found that a bright class had fallen in
line.*

*Now of all the Freshmen that Norridgewock
has seen alive
The freshest of these was the class of forty-five.
They're truly improving, but so slow that one
can't see
How real advantageous improvement would be.*

*And then comes another class, fresh, young and
green, right from the stick
And this one they call the class of forty-six.
They're nothing but babies, and yet with good
care
They may develop into something quite rare.*

*But now when another new year comes to view
An additional green stock looms up before you.
This new class of "47" our nerves seem to jar
For as each class comes in the greener they are.*

In sports he was surely game
So he goes down in our hall of fame.
— Harold Smith

It is not good that man should be alone. —
Harold Smith.

Her heart, like the moon, is always changing
—*Guinevere Smith*.

Gracious, I've lost my powder puff—*Helen Tracy*.

A girl occupied with great ideas—*Jennie Hilton*.

He is neither fish, flesh, or good red herring
—*Jimmy Condon*.

I have no other but a woman's reason; I think it is so because I think it is so. — *Mrs. Shevlin*.

I will not budge an inch—*Mr. Knowlen*.

Why don't they build chairs big enough for two.—*Joseph Dee*.

There's nothing in the army; it's all in the navy. — *Maxine Yeaton*.

These are the times that try girls' hearts.
—*Seniors*.

A man! A man! My kingdom for a man!
—*Priscilla Sheaff*.

And strange to say he likes the ladies. — *George Merry*.

Her voice is like the nightingale. — *Ethel Bridges*.

He studies books, not women. — *Lester Clark*.

The Rollicking Girl—*Marilyn Johnson*.

The Girl from Emerald Isle—*Emerald Kinney*.

The Man who owns Broadway—*Mr. Knowlen*.

The little Minister—*Harley Rowe*.

One Girl—Girls always contradict each other.

Another—They do not.

Daughter—Mother, I don't think I'll go to dancing class anymore. They haven't taught us anything about intermissioning.

John—Dick, please move your feet.

Dick—Don't speak ill of the dead.

1st—Well, goodbye, I'm going.

2nd—Why not put sugar on your head and go as a pill.

Revised Proverbs

He that laughs last is English.

He that rips must sew.

Look before you cheat.

A girl in hand is worth two on the phone.

He that flunks and knows his bizz lives to flunk another quizz.

If at first you did not win, date, date, and date again.

All are not girls that giggle.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

He who hesitates is the boss.

1st—I can hear your brains grate when you think.

2nd—Great thoughts, what?

Electric Love

If she wants a date—Meter.

If she wants a call—Receiver.

If she wants an escort—Conductor.

If you think she's picking your pockets—Detector.

If she's slow of comprehension—Accelerator.

If she goes up into the air—Condensor.

If she's hungry—Feeder.

If she's a poor cook—Discharger.

If she eats too much—Reducer.

If she's wrong—Rectifier.

If her hands are cold—Heater.

If she talks too long—Interrupter.

George Merry—Today you will look upon my face for the last time.

Harold Smith—What! Are you going to move?

George Merry—I'm going to raise a beard.

"History does repeat," said the student as he received his flunk test paper.

Lucile (talking about basketball)—Mr. Strathern, my best man has gone and left me.

Mr. Strathern—Why you aren't getting married, are you?

Dick—Have you taken chloroform?

Tom—Who teaches it?

1st—Name the smallest soldier in history.

2nd—The one who slept on his watch.

Mrs. Elwell—McKinley was influenced by them before he died.

Douglas—He didn't die. He was assassinated.

Mrs. Elwell—Well, he died.

ECONOMICS CLASS—*Discussing substitutes since the war.*

V. Berry—Have they any substitute for elastic?

G. Buotte—Buttons and draw strings.

ONE NOON AFTER THE STUDENTS had eaten their lunches Mr. Knowlen said, "Now let's pick up the floor."

Miss Ouri—What did Delaware?

Miss Isippi—Idaho, Alaska.

Georgia—She wore a New Jersey.

Mrs. A—Do you owe Georgia anything?

Mrs. B—Iowa a dollar.

Mr. Strathern—Did anyone in the Science Class do their home work?

Laron Adams — Yes, I stuck a pin in my mother.

Mr. Strathern—Did you get any response?

Laron Adams—You ain't kidding!

We were in the basement having our business law class.

Lucile—Mr. Abbott where are your radiators?

George—Upstairs.

Mr. Abbott—Your right.

PHYSICS CLASS:

Mr. Knowlen—Some people believe that the human race descends from monkeys.

Joseph—There is evidence enough of that.

Mr. Knowlen—Sometimes I think so.

BUSINESS LAW—We were arguing over a problem against Mr. Abbott.

Marilyn Johnson—I wish we had answers to prove these problems.

Mr. Abbott—We have.

After reading the answer Lucile Yeaton asked, "Do you read those answers every day when you study the lesson?"

Mr. Abbott—Why, no.

Yeaton—I didn't think you did.

Mr. A—Hawaii.

Mr. B—I'm a little bit Chile.

PHYSICS CLASS:

Douglas—Then if it weren't for friction someone could give me a push and I could keep right on rolling forever.

Marine (*in a disgusted tone*)—Why was there ever friction?

PHYSICS CLASS: The class was wondering why we had discussed one page during the whole period.

Mr. Knowlen—Well, I have to talk to the social workers.

Marine—Especially if they're women!

Mr. Knowlen—And good looking ones.

Charles Colton said — Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Mr. Knowlen in *Physic Class*—Why weren't you upstairs shooting baskets this noon?

Joseph—I had other plans.

Mr. Knowlen, *forgetting the little romance*, says—What were your other plans?

In *Economics Class*—The students were talking about mail order houses and Mr. Abbott said that you could purchase anything in the world through Sears, Roebuck,—that was their motto. He knew of a case in North Anson where a family adopted a child through them.

Lucile Y. said—Do you suppose you could get a husband from them.

The Senior Class of Norridgewock High School

<i>Girl</i>		<i>Boy</i>
	<i>Tallest</i>	
Marion Lambert		Joseph Dee
	<i>Shortest</i>	
Ethel Bridges		George Merry
	<i>Oldest</i>	
Priscilla Sheaff		Harold Smith
	<i>Youngest</i>	
Lucile Yeaton		George Merry
	<i>Best Athlete</i>	
Marion Lambert		Harold Smith
	<i>Best Personality</i>	
Lucile Yeaton		Harley Rowe
	<i>Quietest</i>	
Ethel Bridges		Lester Clark
	<i>Noisiest</i>	
Helen Tracy		Harold Smith
	<i>Best Speaker</i>	
Lucile Yeaton		Harley Rowe
	<i>Most Romantic</i>	
Guinevere Smith		Joseph Dee
	<i>Did Most for Class</i>	
Lucile Yeaton		Lester Clark
	<i>Most Talkative</i>	
Maxine Yeaton		Joseph Dee
	<i>Most Studious</i>	
Ethel Bridges		Lester Clark
	<i>Most Popular</i>	
Lucile Yeaton		Harold Smith
	<i>Wittiest</i>	
Maxine Yeaton		George Merry
	<i>Best Dancer</i>	
Helen Tracy		George Merry
	<i>Most Likely to Succeed</i>	
Lucile Yeaton		Harley Rowe
	<i>Best Writer</i>	
Guinevere Smith		George Merry
	<i>Best Dressed</i>	
Lucile Yeaton		Harley Rowe
	<i>Hottiest Tempered</i>	
Helen Tracy		Harold Smith
	<i>Mr. and Mrs. 1944</i>	
Marion Lambert		Harold Smith

*You have to pay some people to be good,
But the Freshmen are good for nothing.*

"I Wonder"

Why Joe can't participate in English class.
 Why Maxine's locket was vacant.
 Why Marion can't make up her mind.
 Why Lester is so quiet.
 Why Harley prefers to be a bookworm.
 Why Guinevere dreams during study periods.
 Why Eunice is so smart in Algebra.
 Why Allie can't keep his eye open.
 Why Lucile likes moonlight nights.
 Why George went out on Sandy River road
 after play rehearsal.
 Why Douglas was so quiet on our trip to North
 Anson.
 Why Priscilla buys V-Mail stationery.
 Why Lavon has no heart.
 Why Harold changed his mind about the girls.
 Why Ethel is so bashful.
 Why Helen likes to hitch-hike to Skowhegan.

IMAGINE AN ALUMNI THINKING that assets
 were little donkeys.

Teacher—Johnny, what is pasteurized milk?

Johnny—Milk which comes from a cow after
 she has been out to the pasture.

Wouldn't It Be Funny If

Lavon was A-boulder instead of A-dam.
 Ethelyn were a Toe instead of a Heal-d.
 Josephine were a Ham instead of a Bacon.
 Lorraine were a Hill instead of a Rowe.
 Pauline were a Farmer instead of a Miller.
 Elsie were a Grant instead of a Will-s.
 Virginia were a Tinker instead of a Taylor.
 Ethel were a Railroad instead of a Bridge-s.
 Doris were a Day instead of a Knight-s.
 Virginia were a Plum instead of a Berry.
 Emily were a Will instead of a Grant.
 Glen were All-fly instead of Al-bee.
 George were a Sad instead of a Merry.
 Levina were a Spider instead of a Web-ber.
 Helen were a Mark instead of a Trac-y.
 Marion were a Sheep instead of a Lamb-ert.
 Marilyn were a Johns-daughter instead of a
 John-son.
 Douglas were a Wire instead of a Lyn-ds.

— P. SHIELDS

A is for alphabet
That I'm going to use
To describe all the Seniors
And tell you the news.

B is for Bridges
Ethel's her name
She likes to write V-mail
To keep up her fame.

C is for Clark
Who has nary a curl
But he'd run fifty miles
If he saw a cute girl.

D stands for Joe Dee
Who is often in the hall
Whenever he sees Eunice
He's soon on the ball.

E is for English
A subject we adore
Because on our rank cards
Are piled A's galore ? ? ?

F is for Football
We sure have a team
That it could beat any other
Or so it would seem.

G is for George
The clown of our class
In a big circus sideshow
We're sure he would pass.

H is for Harold
And havoc too
When he is around
There is something to do.

I is for Industrious
Which we all should be
If not don't go crying
"Will someone help me".

J is for Juniors
Just a year behind us
If anything bothers them
They make a terrible fuss.

K is for Knowlen
Whom we see every hour
To elevate our class
He's done all in his power.

L is for Lambert
An old maid she'll be
Although while young
She had several all treed.

M is for Maxine
Who is an alarmer
Where boys are concerned
She couldn't be calmer.

N is for Never
Meaning "never give up".
Just keep on going
In spite of the bumps.

O is for Office
A grand place to be,
If you don't believe it,
Come on up and see.

P is for Priscilla
Pussy we call her
We hope no misfortune
Will ever befall her.

Q stands for Quizzes
That we all like to take
But oh, how we sigh
At the rank that we make.

R is for Rowe
You know him I'm sure
His motto he tells us
Is "Strive and Endure".

S is for Smith
Guin, who at times is sad
But as a dignified Senior
She's really not bad.

T is for Tracy
Our "Lady Spitfire"
Of liking the boys
She never will tire.

U is for Union
In which we all live
'Tis a country to which
Our lives we will give.

V is for Volley ball
That we all play at noon
When Mr. Abbott takes part
Things end up in a Boom.

W is for work
We all ought to do
For when we are busy
There's no time to fool.

X is for Xellence
Toward which we strive
It keeps us as busy
As bees in a hive.

Y is for Yeaton
Lucile, so gay
She never is sober
She's happy all day.

Z stands for Zest
We feel for our work
When it is present
No one will shirk.

By LUCILE YEATON and ETHEL BRIDGES

Classified Ads of N. H. S.

Wanted—A Steady—*Ethel Bridges.*
Wanted—Pupils to learn the art of winking—
—*Albert Mitchell.*
For Sale — Positions on basketball squad—
Seniors.
Lost—All interest in Skow. since scarlet fever
—*Students of N. H. S.*
For Rent—My seat in the main room—*Har-*
old Smith.
Wanted—One large seat—*Harold Smith and*
Marion Lambert.
To Let—Her man to Uncle Sam for duration
—*Eunice Weston.*
For Sale After June 7th—Cheat charts—
Seniors.

Wanted—One way ticket to Virginia—*Mar-*
ine Yeaton.

For Sale—Plenty of second-hand chewing gum
—*Wastebaskets.*

Wanted—Return of her soldier—*Helen Tracy.*

Wanted—A private secretary — *Lucile Yeaton.*

Lost—Harold Smith's bashfulness somewhere
on the back road to Mercer. It is doubt-
ful if it will ever be found, but if it should,
please return as soon as possible as it is
badly needed.

Wanted—In the main room a desk low enough
so that I can touch my feet to the floor—
—*Howard Damren.*

For Sale—Webster's Dictionarys to fill large
cavities—*N. H. S. Library.*

To Let—Her seat beside the principal—*Mar-*
ine Yeaton.

Wanted—More Maybaskets hung — *Junior*
Boys.

Vacant—Our seats in back of main room—
George Merry and Helen Tracy.

Wanted—Something to cure swelled heads—
Joseph Dee.

Wanted—Some he-men in the Sophomore Class
—*Sophomore Girls.*

Wanted—Boys to learn the art of accompanying
girls home—*Douglas Lynds.*

For sale—Book bags to impress Mom—*Fresh-*
man Class.

Wanted—More gray matter—*Students of N.*
H. S.

Wanted—A little pocket mill to grind my gum,
so I won't have to chew it so much —
Helen Tracy.

A Medley From A Soldier

"Dearest you",

"You'll never know" just how much "I miss
you". "Never in a million years will there be
another you". At last "I'm in the Navy" to
tell you about "a man and his dream". "Time
stood still". There we stood "a boy in khaki,
a girl in lace". "You were never lovelier", "just
the way you look tonight". "These are the
things I love".

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas".
"When the lights go on again", "we'll build a

bungalow big enough for two", "high on a windy hill", and "you'll be mine" for "Sunday, Monday or always".

"This was summertime", under a blanket of "blue skies", you and your "star eyes", gazing into mine, under a "velvet moon", sailing along the "deep purple" water on "moonlight bay". "You must remember this".

I may be a "beautiful dreamer", but believe me, "I'm lost without you". "I cry for you", "night and day?" and "my heart tells me", "constantly", every moment, that "my prayer" will be "when Johnny comes marching home", we will dance the "victory polka" and then I can say "my dreams came true" and the bells will ring "for me and my gal" and make you mine "forever".

"Please think of me",

"TANGERINE"

On April 25—James Condon—How many more vacations do we have?

Mr. Knowlen—Memorial Day, that is all.

James Condon—What about Easter?

Lester Clark	Lovely Companion
Ethel Bridges	Enjoys Boys (??)
Joseph Dee	Just Dandy
Marion Lambert	Many Lovers
George Merry	Gets Mischief
Harley Rowe	Handsome Romeo
Guinevere Smith	Good Sewer
Priscilla Sheaff	Pure Sweetness
Harold Smith	Handsome Smile
Helen Tracy	Herman True
Lucile Yeaton	Loves You
Maxine Yeaton	Marry Young

Helen chews and chews and chews

Mr. Knowlen thinks its drastic,

So she is often forced

To deposit it in the basket.

ALLIE AND MR. STRATHERN were talking about the basketball game at New Sharon.

Allie—One trouble is they have a low floor.

Mr. Strathern—That's all right if they have a high ceiling.

Frank Sinatra of N. H. S.

Legs	Glen Albee
Eyes	Mr. Strathern
Teeth	Albert Mitchell
Wink	Mr. Knowlen
Hair	Douglas Lynds
Build	James Condon
Voice	Philip Miller
Clothes	Lester Clark
Hands	James Condon
Ears	Rodney Sabine
Height	Joseph Dee
Dimples	Lester Clark
Personality	George Merry
Good Companionship	Harold Dunlap
Complexion	Mr. Abbott
Sportsmanship	Harold Smith
Neatness	Harley Rowe
Profile	Philip Miller
Temper	James Condon
Penmanship	George Merry
Ability to dance	Douglas Lynds
Ability to drive	Harold Smith
Ability to sing	Rodney Sabine
Ability to play piano	Albert Mitchell
Sense of humor	Philip Miller
Way with the girls	Douglas Lynds
Good judgment	Harley Rowe
One woman complex	Joseph Dee
Pretty blue shirts	Harold Dunlap
Hercules build	Glen Albee

Swooning o-o-o-o-o-h N.H.S. Girls

Lucile—Would you rather be rich or handsome?

Helen—I'd like to be rich, too.

When a girl saw a handsome man three years ago, we said, "What a man!"

Two years ago, we said, "What! a man?"

This year we say, "What's a man?"

Lucile—What are the three words used most in school?

Helen—I don't know.

Lucile—Correct.

S-N-O-O-P-E-R-S

Some of us are wondering if Eunice will still receive 100 in her Algebra exams next year since Joseph is graduating.

We are beginning to wonder why Douglas Lynds likes to fool and be moved nearer the front by Mr. Knowlen instead of back with his classmates.

Why does Lavon like to fool fourth period and have to stay after school? Maybe it is because Reginald has to stay, too.

Harold did you go down to B. B. Yeaton's after potatoes, or was there something else around the corner?

Anna, why did you stay down to your aunt's one Friday night? Was it because of your fondness for her, or is there some other attraction?

Come on Marion, 'fess up. Is it Johnny O, Johnny Q, or Harold O or Harold S. It looks to us like an awful mess.

Why isn't Joseph Dee interested in any class games this year except the Sophomore games? It must be that some other attraction downstairs keeps him away.

I wonder why Phyllis Obert is so interested in the back of the main room first period. Maybe it is because George sits up there.

We wonder what the future will bring to Glen and Katherine. Will it be smooth sailing or will someone else take her place.

We wonder why Betty Stevens is so interested in the sixth grade now. We understand that it's a boy named Edward. Is it Betty?

We don't think there is any chance for you, Ella, although Joe does give you little pats and the eye once in a while, but there's no harm in trying anyway.

Too bad Maxine couldn't stay in Norridge-wock on her week's vacation when the Navy moved in. I think she'd have been much happier. How about it, Maxine?

Just a little advice to Gloria. You'd better be on your toes. Since the Skowhegan Prom, Emerald has been very dreamy and a little jealous. Wonder what will happen? Poor Douglas.

We all know that all of Marion's friends

have cars, and we wonder what she will do if Harold Smith goes in the army. Perhaps she will learn how to drive the Willis above her house or the new car down around the corner.

Say George, what was that about the night at the North Anson game? Didn't you sit beside Mrs. Elwell? And what about it? Did you succeed in getting the A on your rank card?

We advise Ella to get more stationery and a big box to put all the army letters into. Watch out for bankruptcy.

Cleo, please make up your mind. We'd like to know before we go whether it's the service for you or is it Jimmy? Perhaps time will tell.

Come on Douglas, give us high school girls a break. You've got plenty of time for Alumni after you get out of high school.

Seems that a certain Senior boy is sort of interested in a certain Senior girl. Lucile is wondering why you are so bashful, George.

Helen, do you really think that Herman will grow up to look like his big brother?

What Would Happen If

Ethel Bridges made a loud noise.

George Merry acted tough.

Marion Lambert smiled.

Joseph Dee dated a girl his own age.

Helen Tracy stayed *TRUE* to Herman.

Lucile Yeaton accepted the Senior boys' invitations.

Harley Rowe failed a Quiz.

Maxine Yeaton didn't receive *MO(O)RE* letters.

Harold Smith had a Harvard haircut.

Guinevere Smith made up her mind.

Lester Clark played the piano.

We could make this rhyme.

Priscilla Sheaff wasn't willing to help.

History class grew smart.

1st—Say, why do you always put a line at the end of your joke?

2nd—Oh, that's so you can tell when to laugh.

Mr. Knowlen—Why did you use *him* in that sentence?

Maxine—Because it is in the negative case.

What's a N. H. S. Senior

<i>Name</i>	<i>Apparent Age</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Favorite Song</i>	<i>Worst Habit</i>	<i>Latest Accident</i>	<i>Wants To Be</i>
Ethel Bridges	Silly	Day dreaming	I Wish I had A Sweetheart	Giggling	Fell in love	A nurse
Lester Clark	Just that bashful age	Spinning his Dad's Buick	Paper Doll	Talking low	Shouted	A Romeo
Joseph Dee	?	Doing Eunice's Algebra	It's Love, Love, Love	Looking at Eunice	Enlisted in the Navy	Admiral
Marion Lambert	Old Maidish	Driving cars	I'll Get By	Biting her fingernails	Lost her temper	Private secretary
George Merry	Almost that romantic age	Writing poems	Put Your Arms Around Me Honey	Curling his hair	Getting meat without points	A butler
Harley Rowe	Serious	Reading	They're Either Too Young or Too Old	Studying	Failed a Quizz	Pilot
Guinevere Smith	Just right	Writing letters	I'd Be So Nice To Come Home To	Dreaming of soldiers	Changed her mind	Salesgirl
Harold Smith	Draft age	Marion	Take Me Out To The Ball Game	Looking innocent	Caught in a draft	Baseball hero
Priscilla Sheaff	Antique	Getting V-mail	No Letter Today	Writing letters	Got an answer	SPAR
Helen Tracy	Don't ask	Combing her hair	There's Something About A Soldier	Whispering in class	Forgot her lipstick	TRUE
Lucile Yeaton	Sweet sixteen	Spending vacations in Boston	Meet Me Tonight in the Cowshed	Turning down the boys	Accepted a date	Something desperate
Maxine Yeaton	Childish	Horseback riding	In The Navy	Getting in trouble in school	Made up with Wayne	Time will tell

Popular Tunes

Blues in the night — Mid-year exams.
Shoo Shoo Baby — Exams.
My Ideal — Summer vacation.
Your the one — Graduation.
Wait for me Mary — George's Ford.
O What a beautiful morning — First morning
 of vacation.
Sunday, Monday or always — School books.
You'll never know — What's in a man's mind.
Close to you — Diploma.
Please think of me — Ranking periods.
As time goes by — A school year.
Take it easy — Physics exams.
This is no laughing matter — Report cards.
Don't Sweetheart me — Lucile Yeaton.
I'm walking the floor over you — Helen doing
 French translations.
Put your arms around me honey — Lovers of
 N. H. S.
You'd better watch out — Principal.

You are my sunshine — A's on rank cards.
He's A-1 in the Army — Harold Smith.
I ain't got no use for the women — Lester Clark.
You'll never know — Harley Rowe.

1st—How do the Norridgewock boys treat the girls?

2nd—As seldom as possible.

WHO EVER HEARD TELL OF

Priscilla Sheaff going to a dance.
 Harold Smith missing a ball game.
 Marion Lambert without a fellow.
 George Merry with a moustache.
 Guinevere Smith wearing make-up.
 Harley Rowe hurrying.
 Ethel Bridges making love to anyone.
 Lucile Yeaton going to bed at 9:30.
 Helen Tracy coming to school on Saturdays.
 Joseph Dee without Eunice.
 Maxine Yeaton from Mercer ? ?

A L U M N I

We have tried to record for you a few items about the Alumni of Norridgewock High School, back as far as the class of 1941. Some of the boys are serving with the armed forces of our country. We salute them with a prayer in our hearts.

CLASS OF 1943

Blanche Abbott—Norridgewock. At home.
 Ronald Bickford—Norridgewock. Employed
 at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 Viola Bishop—Washington, D. C. Married to
 Elmer Fogg.
 Ruth Boone—Norridgewock. Attending Skow-
 hegan Commercial School.

Alice Brown — Norridgewock. Married Ken-
 neth Otis.
 Joyce Butler—Waterville. Training at Sisters
 Hospital.
 Marita Courtney—Norridgewock. Employed at
 the Town Office.
 Evelyn Fogg—Orono. Attending University
 of Maine.
 Louise Hilton—Norridgewock. At home.
 Madelyn Kinney — Norridgewock. Employed
 at the Ben Franklin Store.
 Florence Libby—Norridgewock. Employed at
 Skowhegan Moccasin Factory.
 Lloyd Libby—Norridgewock. Employed at B.
 B. Yeaton's.

Richard Merry—Smithfield. At home.
 Wayne Moore—Virginia. In the Navy.
 Barbara Nickerson—Norridgewock. Employed at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 Erwin Rowe—Norridgewock. At home.
 Estelle Savage—Employed in Dixfield.
 Herman True—Alabama. In the Army.
 Alice Yeaton—Skowhegan. Employed in the Skowhegan Moccasin Factory.
 Cecil Wedge—Virginia. In the Army.

CLASS OF 1942

Herbert Adams—Italy. In the Army. Married Beverly Stevens.
 Barbara Albee—Farmington. Attending Farmington Normal School.
 Eloise Bell—Norridgewock. Employed at the Skowhegan Savings Bank.
 Mavis Berry—Norridgewock. Employed at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 Richard Blaisdell—In the Navy. Married to Lottie Wheeler.
 Urban Blaisdell—Aleutians. In the Army.
 Leonard Brenner—In the Army.
 Elizabeth Corson — Madison. Employed at Skowhegan at Ford & Smiley's.
 Herbert Courtney—Norridgewock. Employed at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 Clara Damren—Waterville. Training at Sisters Hospital.
 Merle Emmons—Alaska. In the Army.
 Fred Gilman—England. In the Army.
 Clyde Henderson—Carolina. In the Marines.
 Caroline Hilton—Farmington. Attending Farmington Normal School.
 Natalie Hinckley — Waterville. Training at Sisters Hospital.
 Russell Libby—Colorado. In the Army.
 Rita Lynds—Norridgewock. Employed at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 Beverly Marcue—Norridgewock. Employed at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 Geraldine Marcue—Norridgewock. Employed at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 William McKechnie—Norridgewock. At home.
 Marilyn Miner—Norridgewock. Employed at the Norrwock Shoe Shop.

Erla O'Donal — Portland. Employed at the shipyard.
 Rita Rowe—Farmington. Attending Farmington Normal School.
 Lucille Tilton — Oakland. Employed at King Axe & Tool Co.
 Albert True—Mercer. At home.
 Ernold Williamson—In the Army Air Corps. Prisoner of war in Germany.

CLASS OF 1941

Evelyn Adams—Portland. Training at Maine General Hospital.
 Lawrence Bigelow — Presque Isle Air Base. Married Marguerite Watson.
 Harold Butler—In the Army.
 Claudine Chase—Augusta.
 Ruth Damren—Norridgewock. Employed at Norrwock Shoe Shop.
 Ray Danforth—California. In the Army.
 Thomas Desmond—England. In the Army.
 Priscilla Emmons — Norridgewock. Married Donald Daggett. Shoe Shop.
 Arlene Gilman—Skowhegan. Married Stanley Glazier.
 Louise Groves—Waterville. Attending Colby College.
 Harry Morrill—Norridgewock. At home.
 Alfred Nedeau—In the Army Air Corps.
 Lucile Noble—Employed at Washington, D. C.
 Inamarie Percival—Boston, Mass. Employed as stenographer.
 Clarence Richardson—Skowhegan. Employed by Harry Fall.
 Doris Stevens—Bath. Married Charles Haines, Jr.
 June Wilder — Portland. Training at Maine General Hospital.
 Emery Wills — Skowhegan. Married Corrine Jordan.
 Paul Winegardner—In the Army.
 Lawrence Works—Skowhegan. Employed at Mac's Market.
 Georgia Yeaton—Boston, Mass. Employed as secretary.

Appreciation To Our Advertisers

We wish to express our deepest appreciation to those who are largely responsible for the success of "The Norridgewog" this year. We ask the student body and all those who enjoy reading this yearbook to give careful attention to the names of our advertisers and to give them patronage which they deserve.

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*If I were Governor I would buy every
woman a cow.*

*I have got so sick of telling them I have
no butter.*

I don't think it would be foolish.

*

C. W. DAY

*

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The Complete Food Store

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